



# HOW ARE YOU LIVING ?

BY  
W. T. HAMBROOK

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"A sacred burden is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

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WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1907

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## PREFACE

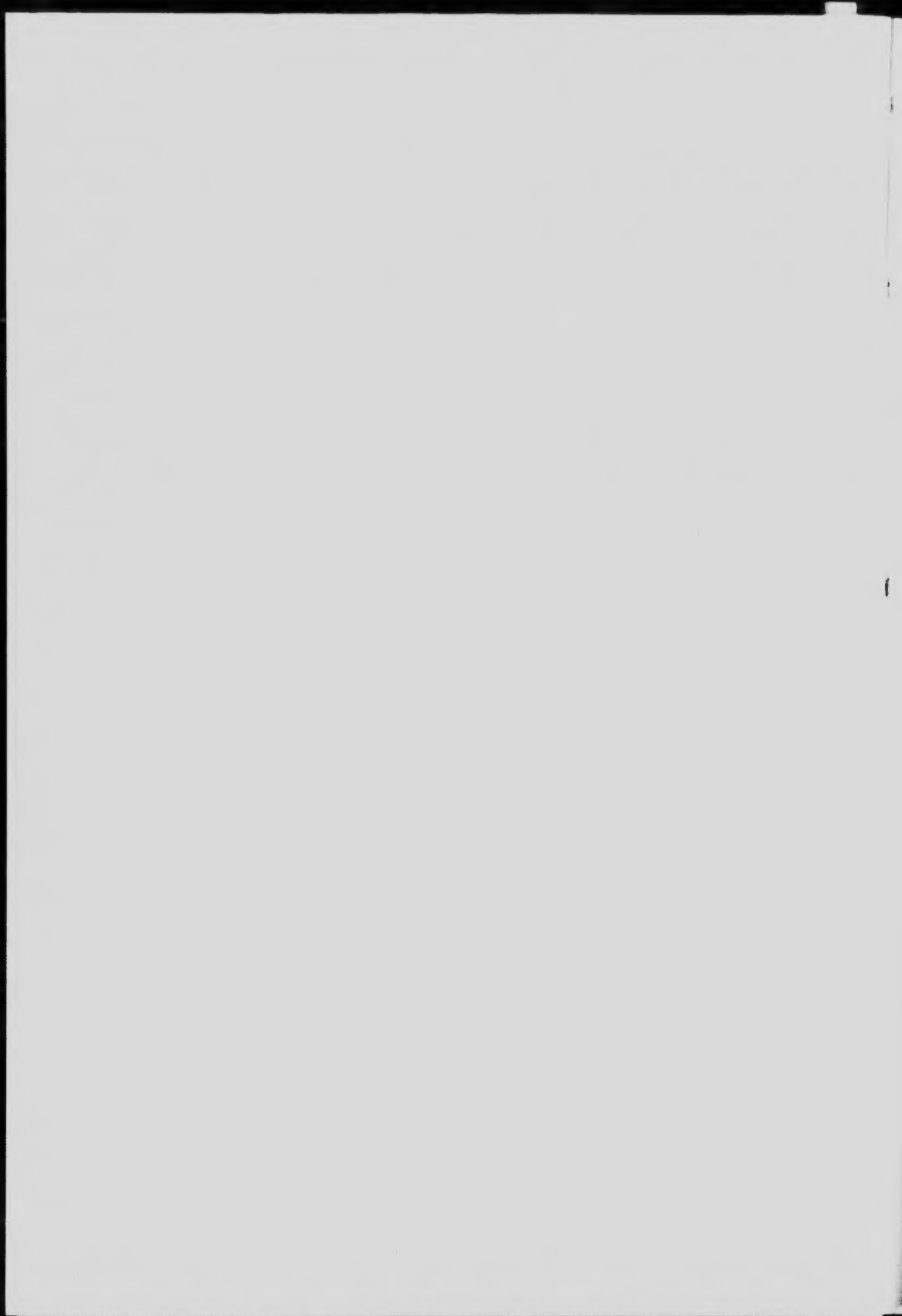
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THIS is an age of research and questioning. Man had not been long on earth before he had to answer that vital question, "Adam, where art thou?" and I frankly admit that I have no apology to offer for asking the same question in the language of the title of this book. It will be observed that a chapter has been devoted to each member of the family circle with a view to dealing with the component parts that go to make up the human race. More space and thought have been given to the remarks regarding the son than to any other member of the family; but much of what has been said respecting him is not restricted in its application to him alone.

I shall consider my labor well expended if this book finds its way into the hands of any one to whom the thoughts herein contained convey any message of duty or words of cheer and comfort.

W. T. H.





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" We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat  
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
Life's but a means unto an end, that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

—P. J. Bailey.

# How Are You Living?

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## CHAPTER I.

### *PRELIMINARY.*

HAPPY and thankful should he be who lives in the twentieth century. It is not given to all men to discern with clearness of understanding the grand evolution that is taking place on every hand. With all things the principle has been, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. But with what sacrifice! All hostile and antagonistic peoples were not subdued and brought into docility by the gentle words of some smooth tongue. Every country has had its battles to fight in order to preserve itself against the domination of some aggressive power. In those bitter struggles for life and supremacy no blood has been spared, no lives withheld, no money held sacred.

The question as to whether war is justifiable has not yet lost all its debatable quality; but, if the wars of one generation will secure the peace and happiness of succeeding generations, and in no other way, then, surely, the ends may be said to justify the means. Those countries that to-day are enjoying the quietness of peace, the immunity from invasion

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by some ambitious king, the advantages of educational institutions, the freedom of the press, and the loyalty of subjects, are not the countries that remained idle, and acted indifferently and unwisely when clouds of distress were breaking above them, and threatening their future welfare. If Britain had treated Napoleon with unconcern, and had looked upon that infuriated warrior as being a nonentity, the 21st of October, 1805, would bear a different significance for the British nation from what it now does. But it is not every country that can produce a Nelson at a time of crisis. When the Baltic fleet, during the Russo-Japanese war, weighed anchor and set out upon its fatal journey with the pretext of destroying the Japanese fleet and relieving the besieged Stoessel at Port Arthur, the eyes of the whole world were turned that way. Curiosity, perhaps, turned them, for various rumors had gained currency to the effect that the Baltic fleet was a formidable foe, and would not unlikely meet the expectations of the ignorant, though optimistic, despots of Russia. But in that hour of dark excitement Japan produced a Togo, and declared that the day had not gone by for the survival of the fittest.

Such is the nation's way of rising. At present there is no other way. Strenuousness has ever been the watchword of successful nations; and in a less disastrous manner has been very largely adopted by individuals. Lord Macaulay, in his essay on John Milton, says that "every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity,

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and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages." If this be true, and it can scarcely be otherwise, what a vast hoard this generation possesses! The accumulated virtues, and we may safely say the vices, of generations from time immemorial are rife and rampant among us. What we love and what we hate to-day is, to a great extent, the fruit of the labor of those who lived and died in preceding generations. The battle of Trafalgar could not have been fought if some one, at some time, had not learned the art of building ships, of making canon, and of using explosives. The victories of Frederick the Great would never have been his if his father had not been possessed of a mania for collecting the giants of the land to be his soldiers, and of so drilling them that there should be no equals for them in discipline.

We who live in this twentieth century are debtors, heavy debtors, to the men and women who lived before us. In fact, this generation is a greater debtor to its immediately preceding generation than that generation was to its predecessor, because every generation hands down a vast hoard augmented by fresh acquisitions. The next generation will be even more greatly indebted than we, and so on until the end of time. But the duty of every man, woman and child of this generation is hardly the duty of pointing out what shall be the duty of generations yet unborn, as it is to recognize the duty that is theirs to-day,—to maintain and preserve this vast hoard of virtues of noble men and women, to annihilate the vices, and to hand down to their

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descendants a record of something attempted, something done in the interests of all humanity. Such a duty devolves upon one and all. No one can claim exemption and be true. Yet when looking abroad, how appalling does the number seem who are not true in this respect! And when stepping into the family circle to single out the one who is the least true to this duty, what is to be said of our choice of the son? Lord Chesterfield, who has been made famous by his letters to his son, and without which he might never have been made famous, once said: "Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough." A sweeping assertion; yet, perhaps, somewhat justified. Judging from the nature of those letters, we are forced to charge the young men of Lord Chesterfield's day with the same degree of levity and lethargy that observations compel us to charge the young men of to-day with. The time has not yet come, and let us hope never will come, for a young man twenty years of age to carry around on his shoulders a head that would better become a man of sixty. Being yet in the sunny vale of youth myself, I sometimes think that young men are too often called upon to receive at the hands of older and more experienced people a little more abuse and obloquy than is reasonable.

If a young man be but twenty years of age, that fact ought not to be lost sight of when he is brought within the range of any man's criticism. There is an alarming tendency on the part of many would-be advisers to treat the objects of their advice with

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too much severity and unthinking harshness; forgetting, if they be older than the ones advised, that they, too, once travelled the same way, and, perhaps, left a few of those objectionable qualities in the pathway, to be picked up by some poor innocents whom they would, later in life, have the pleasure of "advising." Every disease needs its peculiar treatment. It would be madness for a physician to prescribe for small-pox if his patient were suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

No oratory has yet excelled, or equalled, that of the early Athenians; yet one of those orations delivered in sincerity before an audience in Exeter Hall to-day would sound ridiculously strange. To be understood and appreciated they must be read with the temper of those to whom they were addressed; otherwise, they will appear to offend against all laws of taste and reason. Goethe's remark well covers the ground: "The best advice is—follow good advice, and hold age in highest honor."

It may, however, be said that there are some cases among young men so hardened that advice may even be carried to the extent of severe criticism with impunity. We cannot but regret the existence of such cases, and rejoice that the number is not larger.

There is a very prevalent idea abroad, and doubtless the idea has some justification, that childhood is the most important stage of life; that the training at this period will determine the character of the man; or, in other words, bring the child up in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.



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Volumes could be written on the importance of the training of childhood life, and volumes could be written about the seed that apparently seems to fall upon stony ground. It would be no small task to compute the amount of good work that has been accomplished in the world which is directly traceable to the early training, perhaps, of the kindergarten. Well might we inquire if those affectionate feelings toward the shipwrecked mariners would ever have been cherished within the breast of Grace Darling, the heroine of the Farne Islands, had she been far removed from the influences which are afforded by godly training, early submitted.

But there comes a time when such training must necessarily have its limitations. Every lad is not privileged to remain within the circle of edifying influences until he reaches the age of threescore years and ten.

It may fall to his lot to be called upon to support the home of his parents, and in the discharge of such a worthy duty it may be necessary for him to leave the place of his birth, and seek a livelihood among hard-hearted strangers. The changes in the seasons of the year are no more evident than the changes which take place in every lad's life. Events occur which turn the streams of misfortune and fortune into other channels.

That is indeed a red-letter day in the history of every youth when he leaves home influences, the smile and fond caress of mother, and departs from beneath the old parental roof to make a living in the noisy world abroad.

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Many are the ways by which these changes come; but when they come, impressions not to be effaced are recorded. The most important change that takes place in the son's life is when mother and father release him, as it were, from their care and instruction, and launch him out upon the turbulent sea of life. It is at this stage of his life that the lad assumes all responsibility for his future welfare. Such responsibility becomes a duty, and woe to him who regards it otherwise. This one great duty is composed of many duties, but in the next four chapters we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of four duties only, the discharge of which, by any son, will doubtless ensure for him the admiration of the admired and the smile of God's approval. These four duties—which we shall call, Duty to God, Duty to Self, Duty to Home, Duty to the State—will be discussed in the order of their importance, though there may be many who would prefer to rearrange the order to accommodate their respective views. Let these four duties be discharged by any son, and at the close of his career he will have made a record of which neither he nor his need be ashamed.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,  
"The few locks which are left you are grey ;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,  
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,  
"And life must be hastening away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,  
"Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
And He hath not forgotten my age."

—*R. Southey.*

## CHAPTER II.

### *THE SON'S DUTY TO GOD.*

DUTY, which is the most sacred instinct in our nature, is that which we most frequently struggle with in ourselves, and not unfrequently do against our will. How often it is forgotten that the path of duty is the way to glory!

Not that all crave glory, or the path of duty would be oftener trodden; but those paths that lead to luxury, ease, pleasure and frivolity, are being sought by too great a number, while those that lead upwards to the throne of God are being sadly deserted.

Little wonder that a far-seeing man like Lord Shaftesbury should rise in the House of Lords and commence a speech with such words as: "My Lords, I am now an old man. When I feel old age creeping upon me, and know that I must soon die, I am deeply grieved, for I cannot bear to leave the world with so much misery in it." Duty is a pathway all men can tread. It is not always strewn with roses; it is better not so. There must be thorns to prick, and rocks to trip; for, after all, the victories and laurels of a strenuous fight are more precious than those secured by feeble effort. Duty is the demand of the passing hour, and it is the imperative duty

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of every son to ask himself the plain question—How am I living? It matters not whether the son be a new-born child of Christ, living and moving among the best of refined society, drinking into his mind nothing but the essence of purity, or whether he be some poor outcast of dejection, a reprobate among reprobates, nothing will do him more good than to reflect for a moment, and ask—"How am I living in the presence of my God?" "What am I doing towards fulfilling His purposes concerning me?" Vital questions these, yet at no time untimely.

Could it be possible for such questions, asked by any young man of himself, to act detrimentally? Surely not. Magistrates, police, jailers, clergymen, doctors, and all peace-adoring people would join in advising the youth to ask the questions. The propagation and maintenance of Christianity depend very largely upon the frequency with which such important questions are considered. Men, more than ever they were, are needed for heroic enterprises, to scale the ramparts of ignorance, to storm the fortresses of heathenism, to break down the barriers that are ever being erected in the way of holiness, and to carry the Gospels of the living God into all the dark places of the earth. Such work is a noble commission for young men; and a work which young men, if willing, are well able to undertake and accomplish. This is an age in which we live among men who are anxious to offer themselves as volunteers to place the standards on the battlements when the fortress has been stormed, and its occupants all made prisoners; but men who are

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willing to enter the breach with their lives in their hands, and lead a following on to victory, are very hard to find.

What God was in the days of Abraham and Isaac, He still is. What He said, He is saying. What He did, He still does and is willing to do. He is the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. No man can charge Him with depriving this generation of any of the blessing to be derived from the same sun that shone upon the children of Israel; though scientists tell us that the sun is gradually losing heat by radiation. But who can tell that even such a fact is not one of God's blessings in disguise! From the time this earth was sent whirling through space by the Divine hand, the laws of gravitation have not changed, and the tides and stars are still regulated in their motions by the laws of supernatural conception. We did not know that such a wonderful system existed until God raised up Sir Isaac Newton, and permitted him to delve into its mysteries that we might be better able to appreciate the handiworks of the Creator. A little acorn planted by the roadside will just as surely develop into a strengthened oak by the same laws as those which raised the cedars of Lebanon for Solomon's temple.

Moses, Elijah, and Elisha were, undoubtedly, in their days, the special recipients of God's smile and favor. But have we any reason to believe that God has withdrawn His beneficence from the universe, and no longer regards His people as sheep requiring a shepherd?

Such a notion will surely never please us. Such

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a notion, so long as men's minds remain normal and sound, can never prevail. Very nature decrees otherwise. True it is, that San Francisco and Jamaica have their terrifying earthquakes, Chicago and London have their fires. The elements are often unkind to helpless vessels on the high seas; prayers for their safety are sometimes never answered; hundreds go down every year to a watery grave, and no one but God records the disasters. These are occurrences that give us pain, and the old superstitious or heathenish idea that such events record the severe visitations of Providence has not quite faded away. But the idea that God in love is controlling the universe is fast gaining ground. From the commencement of time it is possible to find that there has always been on the part of all kinds and conditions of peoples an inclination to give expression in some form or other to that instinctive realization of some higher and more influential power than themselves. This is not strange. The most barbarous and paganish individual of the race is compelled by his nature to recognize that there are some forces to which he must submit. He shouts and howls at the sun and moon, but they take no notice of him, and rise and set the next day in spite of his objections. The people of India try to assuage the anger of some mysterious power by hurling their innocent babes into the waters of the Ganges, but the remorse is sadly quenched. The Arabian races have always been a notable people. A time there was when these gifted and noble-minded people were deeply anxious to fathom the depths of mys-

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tery and bring to light something that would release them from their cramped conceptions. In the year 570 of our era Mahomet was born. At the tender age of six years he was left an orphan, and became the charge of his grandfather, an old man, one hundred years old. Much was noticed in this child, and much there was to notice. At a very early age Mahomet used to accompany his uncle on trading journeys to Syria. It was here where the young man received much of his sight, and was brought into contact with a new world, and with one that was full of meaning to him. It was here that he first confronted the Christian religion. His eyes slowly, but surely, opened, and glimpses of many things were doubtless taken in, to lie enigmatic for a while, but ultimately to ripen into views and beliefs very different from those which his forefathers in ignorance had held. Lack of education did not prevent his understanding that there was a God. A solitary life on a desert taught him lessons of reverence for that power which had preserved his life.

No books to teach him, no scholars to converse and commingle with, the mysteries of the universe unravelled themselves before him only as he opened his eyes to behold and his mind to reflect. Yet with what wonderful results! This strange man from Arabia had found something—something that his conscience forbade him to keep secret; and so he started on his eventful career to proclaim his heaven-born thoughts. But as to-day, so in the days Mahomet, people, though still enslaved in ignor



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were very reluctant to depart from their own time-honored traditional religions, and resented, very emphatically, the obtruding into their realm of thought of any idea that had come to a man so strangely. Those Arabs who had been admiring lifeless idols were not prepared to cast aside and forget the Black Stone, which had been a source of comfort to them all through life, and adopt another form of worship which would not permit them to make their satisfying pilgrimages to the sacred building of Caabah, and Hagar's well at Mecca.

Mahomet found the ground hard and unyielding, but he knew that behind him was a force capable of surmounting difficulties. During his many sojourns thousands of thoughts concerning the world in which he lived, and its marvels, had stolen into his mind, only to lie dormant until a convenient season for reflection should arrive. Mahomet had made soundings in strange waters, and he longed to know the meaning of it all.

In his search for truth he endured more than ordinary Christians would care to endure. What an exemplary custom was that of his to retire during one month of the year into solitude that he might commune with his God! Such a custom would do no harm were it to become universal to-day. Whatever may be said of Mahomet and of the doctrines enunciated in his Koran, he deserves praise for attempting to know something about those mysteries which troubled his soul. We cannot go all the way with Mahomet, but we cannot but admire his courage and determination to secure followers for his re-

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ligion and helpers to propagate his creed. His book reaches the hearts of Mahometans, because it came from the heart of Mahomet. But in spite of all the peculiarities and the undesirabilities of this religion, has the world been made any worse for its having been promulgated here? Was Mahomet acting unwisely when he allowed his mind to evolve such notions which, however imperfect they may have been, were, nevertheless, more abounding with truth than all the idolatrous notions of his age combined? No! A thousand times, no! Mahomet is now among the immortals, but the work he began has not ceased. He is still seen by Mahometans, and the reading of his Koran and the catching of his spirit which he infused into it are causing millions to know more about the precepts of the living God than the most sanguine of Christians could ever expect them to know, if into the nostrils of Mahomet had not been breathed the breath of life. God alone knows what would be the state of the Eastern Hemisphere to-day, if that man of the desert had refused to stir himself and others into a recognition of the great truths all around them, and had elected to remain indifferent towards God's purposes concerning all creation.

Mahomet saw, through unclouded eyes, those truths and purposes, and simultaneously realized his duty towards his God, that of proclamation and service. The Mahometan religion has, perhaps, reached proportions as great as are desirable for those who are satisfied with nothing short of a complete submission and an absolute renunciation of

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every little detail or peculiarity of principle which is not catalogued in the code of the strictest Christianity. Is not such an idea a great mistake? If a religion admits the true God and two or three Mahomets, is not that religion infinitely better than a religion that admits two or three Mahomets and no God at all? Truth, in whatever garb and in whatever degree she appears, should always be acceptable. Are not those countries whose religions are Brahmanism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Shintoism, or any other "ism" that contains an element of truth, better equipped than they would be with no religion at all? Man must adore and worship something. It is instinctive in him; and if there be a people whose removal from civilization has been so far as to exclude them from the realm of intelligence in which God can be understood, are those people, after all, so heathen in their worship when they cry out in adoration to the sun, moon, and stars? If it be impossible for a heathen people to understand the real existence of a living God, surely their degradation has some redeeming feature when they are able to admire the wonders of His handiwork, and regard with reverence those forces over which they have no control. If such worshipping qualities as these be found in the heathen, has not the missionary much to be thankful for when he arrives on the foreign and pagan field to find the people of his charge already treading along suitable pathways, ignorantly conscious of great laws and forces, worshipping trees, stones, and waters? Such worship is not utterly devoid of an element of truth.

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Heathen may not, and do not know it; but, being permitted to live in the glare of enlightenment, and by the special favor of God to unravel a few of the once great mysteries, we are now beginning to believe that if the blade of grass and the strand of straw do not argue the existence of a God, then suns and moons and systems will also fail to do so. This is where we find ourselves in the twentieth century—in the midst of a mighty universe, controlled and governed by the hand of God; and a greater truth could not be uttered by mortal man, and applied at the present time, than that uttered by Mahomet to his reluctant followers—"God withdraws His hand from the earth, and it ceases to be." There was a time when a hero could become so great as to be regarded as a god among his fellow-men; but it is fairly safe to say that there will never again be a time when a man will become so great in the eyes of his fellows as to be regarded as anything but a man. The ignorance of to-day will be the intelligence of to-morrow, and God will still be God, overlooking and guarding our welfare. Is there, then, to be no recognition of this magnanimity on the part of our Creator? No service rendered, no discharge of duty? Is the greatness of His love and mercy in our behalf through all these ages to escape the attention of man? Is this God to be the God of the past generation, and of the future, and not of this one, while we are content to satisfy the cravings of our brutish nature with things that shall decay and perish? Let not man sink so low—he has sunk low enough. Let him hitch his wagon to a

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star, and do all that shall cause his thoughts to gravitate not earthward, like a stone, but upwards toward the Throne of Grace. No small effort is required for this, but it must be attempted, for it is a duty, and no young man can consider himself exempt. Every son has an earthly father, and every son has a heavenly Father. A duty must be rendered to both. One cannot be wholly considered and the other wholly ignored. Shall things temporal engage all the time, and leave no time in life's programme for things eternal ?

"Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord ;  
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word ;  
Make friends of God's children ; help those who are  
weak ;  
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek."

Is this asking too much of any young man ? It cannot be. It is asking much, but if every mother's son were to fill every moment of his life in discharging his duty to God he could not overpay his debt ; there would still be much left to be forgiven, to be cast behind God's back into the sea of forgetfulness to be remembered against the sinner no more. Goldsmith once said : "Man is placed in this world as a spectator ; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders." It seems a little hard to speak of man thus, yet nevertheless it is grounded in truth. There are so many wonderful things, both in nature and out of nature, ever unfolding them-

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selves before the gaze of man, and the fascination of it all is so alluring that the question, "How did these things come to be?" is oftentimes the last question asked. But much hope is being reposed in the youth of the land to very much modify the old state of things. Every year brings intelligence with it, and a new discovery or a wonderful novelty does not command the wonder of man as long as in earlier years before its origin is inquired into. Such is a sign of the times. Man is fast beginning to recognize that he is a man, and not a god; that God is the Lord over all, the one to whom obeisance must be made. He is also beginning to know that he cannot choose his duties, that they will crowd in upon him in spite of his objections; that duties are born with him, as are his hands and feet. This was a wonderful foresight of God's, for if man had been left to choose those duties which he would call duties, where would he find himself to-day? Not in the favor of God, certainly. Let man forget there is a God, and what will he have left worth remembering? Nothing but that which is vile and debasing. When the tablets of stone bearing the laws of God were handed to Moses for the children of Israel, who had been brought up out of bondage, and specially cared for, is there any reason to believe that God intended those laws for no succeeding generation, because for those generations He did not see fit to call in person some law-giver to the top of a mountain and there hand to him a similar set? There was no need for doing so. God does not require to do His work a second time. Therefore, when He said

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to the children of Israel, "I am the Lord thy God, and thou shalt have no other gods but me," He expressed Himself for all time; and it is the recognition of this fact that is causing missionaries abroad and missionaries at home to persuade people to cast down their idols and turn their faces toward a living God. Such laws are needed more to-day than they ever were, for while strides in education, in commerce, in industry, and in every department of life have been taking place since the days of Moses, yet it is sad, indeed, to know that equal strides have been unnoticeable in the diminution of those acts that do not pertain to the heavenly kingdom. Surely, then, the time is here for every man—young men especially, for they are only just commencing life—to be on the alert in the interests of his God, and discharge those duties which shall ever be his obligation until godly works release him, and the smile from Heaven encourage him. It was by the early recognition of his duty towards his God that made William Ewart Gladstone the greatest statesman of the Victorian era. Early he was found in the service and favor of his Maker; doing more in the interests of Christianity than many men do during a whole life-time. At a time when most young men were seeking their comforts and gratifications in another world of pleasure, Mr. Gladstone was to be found working assiduously over his books that he might show that this life was, after all, not to be regarded with utter indifference. The world of literature knew him as a young man, for at a comparatively tender age he published his first

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book dealing with the problems that the State had to encounter in its relations with the Church, arguing that the propagation of all religious truth was one of the principal ends of government as government. In parliament he allowed no opportunity to escape him to enunciate the same theory, declaring that it was at all times the duty of a government to enact laws that would make it easy for men to do right, and hard for them all to do wrong. In this man God had planted the seeds of genius, and Gladstone was Christian enough to know it, for at no time can he be found acting as though he were ignorant of the fact, but that he were ever conscious of his inability to wipe off the debt. Eager to know much about the universe in which God in His mercy had placed him, and longing to know through what waters of tribulation men had waded in order to prepare a place for him and his fellow-men to live in and admire, he read while other men slept, and travelled and reflected upon a panorama of magnificence that many of his day were unable to behold. A great scholar he was, and loved his Iliad and Odyssey, and lingered long with Homer before the gates of Troy; or with Pericles and Plato wandered through the sweetly perfumed groves and avenues of Athens; and oftentimes went down into the tents of brave soldiers to heal their stripes, or to encourage defeated ones, and offer to lead them on to victory. Why, you ask, was Mr. Gladstone so anxious to be a scholar, orator, and author? It was not for the same reason that Napoleon craved greatness; but it was because he knew that his Father



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in heaven had bountifully given unto him that which others should enjoy also. He knew that if he had ten talents it was his duty to help the man who had only one. He had read and heard all about the doctrines and opinions of sceptics and atheists, yet his faith in an all-loving God never wavered. Always conscious of the existence of ignorance, he knew that Pagans, Scandinavians, and Mahometans spent their lives in regrettable error, only that we, in our day, might have the true ultimate knowledge; that generations of men had been lost and wrong, only that later generations might be saved and right. At the ripe age of eighty-five, a time in a man's life when one looks for some traces of mental inactivity, and perhaps decay, Mr. Gladstone entered the realm of Apologetics and wrote "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scriptures," and proved that his pathway to heaven was a sure one.

Through his life whole armies of Darwins, Spencers, Huxleys, and Ingersolls might march against him to attack him on all sides, yet they would find the fort well defended at all points, and no principle likely to fade away in their presence. True it is, that this great and noble Christian made mistakes not a few during his political career. What man does not? Every man has his weak side. He began as a Tory, and ended as a Radical. His views on different subjects were likely to change at any moment, but these changes scarcely represent him as a man of fickleness and instability so much as they represent him as a man with a mind experiencing the evolutions of a scholar. He was a full talented

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man, and could afford to confess having made a mistake the day before; while, perhaps, the same mistake committed by one of less repute and honor would have resulted in the termination of his public life. But, after all, why should the changing of a man's views evoke the scorn and obloquy of his fellow-men, especially if the change be for the better? A man is right ready for his burial robes, and his place is in the cemetery who believes the same to-day as he believed five years ago. Mr. Gladstone began his life as a pioneer and ended it as a scout, ever opening up new pathways in the jungle, and clearing the ground for those to follow him. As much as he loved his Homer, his Dante, and his Shakespeare, there was no literature that contained such solid satisfaction for him as the Bible. He had time to be a statesman, but he had more time to be a disciple of his great Master, Christ. He found time to explore every nook and corner of every known theological system, and the problems that are perplexing the theologians and the biologists of to-day were to him shadows of mighty truths. When the end of this great man's life drew to its close, and the bells of eternity began to ring, Mr. Gladstone was prepared to answer to the roll call; and if, when departing from this vale of tears, he could have sung as he had sung in his earlier days in his church at Hawarden, his whole life declares his song would have been, "More love, O Christ, to Thee; more love to Thee." Mr. Gladstone is now on the right hand of God, wearing his well-earned crown of glory; but his memory still lingers with us, and his

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life has established a monument upon the sands of time, marking the place where once were embodied the qualities of Christian, scholar, orator, author, and philanthropist. The bleak, biting winds of centuries will blow upon that monument, but it shall not fall, for it is founded upon a Rock; and it shall remain there as a guide to all those lost on the highway, as a cool, refreshing stream in a sandy desert; and to all those who shall cry out in despair, as a child crying in the night, with no language but that of a cry, the life of W. E. Gladstone will be their comfort, lifting them into the realms of peace and happiness. It is not God's way of dealing with men to make them all the sons of genius. Somebody must control the affairs of State, somebody must sweep the chimney, and clean out the gutter. But in matters concerning man's spiritual welfare it is doubtful if God has one more than another specially selected for the reception of His graces. We have observed that when God has required some great work to be accomplished, He has found a man for its accomplishment. This was the case during the early part of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism in Europe needed reviving. God raised up the humbly-born son of a German mine-laborer, and Martin Luther went forth in the name of God to shake the throne of the Pope, and to free the nations of Europe from spiritual bondage. Every country has watched its hero come upon the scene at a very opportune and God-appointed time, and the work undertaken by these heroes has been supervised by supernatural wisdom. But, though these men have

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been fitted to carry out great reforms and revivals, to which they have been delegated by God, by reason of their superior abilities, are they better able to enjoy the unspeakable love of God, or to take in, as it were, more than a man less fitted for such work? Is there any reason to believe that Job, for instance, was any less handicapped in drinking in the love of God than was the great apostle St. Paul? No college training is needed to understand God. The man who appears at the Fountain of Grace with a smudged face and honest dirt on his horny hands may carry away just as great a blessing as he who appears in a silk hat, and has hands so soft as to feel the fall of a rose petal. The extent of our need is the measure of God's mercy; and a true disciple of Christ has no greater claim on that mercy than another; nor is one under any less an obligation than another to awaken to his sense of duty toward his God. If he has received much at the Throne of Grace, much shall be expected of him at the call of duty. And if he fall short of the standard which has been set up for him, the deficiency will be recorded against him, and when the books are opened on the day of judgment and reveal such defects, God's love, perhaps, will appear to have a greater value, if He sees fit to use it at that time in our behalf. But we have no justification for believing that God will reserve any of His love for that great day, and dispense it among those who have not merited it here on earth. Nor are we justified in thinking that the young man who is surrounded by evil from which it is hard to escape, shall in any measure be

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pardoned for his commissions, or omissions, because his environment prevented him from doing better. Yet we may safely avow that he who struggles honestly and vigorously against some besetting sin to which, in spite of him, he ultimately becomes a victim, will be regarded at the last day by God with kindlier feelings than will he who made no struggle at all. But the fact that we did a little better than somebody else, who did not do much, will be a very poor pretext with which to claim admission to heaven, and one that would make us feel ridiculously small amongst giants like Shaftesbury and Gladstone. In fact, if we were possessed of any manly principles, when, at the gates of gold, we presented our record at the same time these great men presented theirs, we would feel like shrinking away in shame, and pleading with God that we might be allowed to try again. It will be too late then. We pass down this way but once, and plenty of time has been allowed us to make preparation for a later life; and if the multitude of opportunities which are ours during this short span of mortal life are spurned and neglected, the consequences at the judgment day will have to be borne by us alone. It is our duty in this day to bear one another's burden, but in that day every man shall bear his own burden. Much we can do for others here, but little others can do for us there. Then let every young man, every son, before it is too late for improvement, spiritually, ask himself the question, in the presence of his God, "How am I living?" and let

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us trust the result of the enquiry will record itself  
in the singing of—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

"What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman,  
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,  
That would I have you do; and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humors you.  
I would not have you to invade each place,  
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
Till men's affections or your desert,  
Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
He that is so respectless in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at a cheap market.  
Nor would I you should melt away yourself  
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect  
To make a blaze of gentry in the world,  
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,  
Whose property is only to offend.  
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;  
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;  
But moderate your expenses now (at first),  
As you may keep the same proportion still.  
Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,  
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,  
Except you make it, or hold it."

—Ben Jonson.

## CHAPTER III.

### *THE SON'S DUTY TO SELF.*

THE ability to estimate the real value of one's self has not yet been found in any man. Some make the mistake of thinking themselves more than they are; and others make the mistake of thinking themselves less than they are. It is an open question whether this inability of man to detect his real virtues has had a beneficial effect on the progress of the world. There are men who seem so busy with matters of little concern that they have no time to stop and consider whether they are equal to some undertaking, but rush on madly and attempt the task, only to find that they must ignominiously resign in a better man's favor; while, on the other hand, there are men whose capabilities and integrity warrant their attempting some great scheme, but for fear of failure and perhaps disgrace, remain in the background, oftentimes refusing to lift a finger lest they should lose the whole hand.

At the time of the Reformation, Martin Luther knew that he was, by birth, an ordinary man, and by education an average man; yet, when he was called upon to appear at Worms to answer for his misdemeanors, and when advised by his friends not to appear, with all the boldness of a confident man



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he exclaimed: "If there were as many devils in Worms as roof tiles, I would on." Confidence in one's self is a virtue that not all possess. If people were to place more confidence in themselves and their works, the wonderful things that would transpire as a result would be sufficient to stagger most men. Not that the results would in all cases be such as to justify other attempts of similar feats, but that the results would be such as to govern the actions of succeeding men. Captain Webb once swam the English Channel; thenceforth other men have placed confidence in themselves to attempt the same task. But when Captain Webb attempted to swim the rapids of Niagara Falls, he lost his life, and men in their right minds since then have decided upon swimming in less dangerous waters. Thus we find that one man's courage and daring control another man's timidity to a very large extent. But it is by no means universal, and it is well that it is not so. Expeditions well-nigh out of number have sailed out upon a fatal journey to search for the North Pole, yet the North Pole is still undiscovered, and geologists are still at their starting-post when asked for information concerning that land which lies in latitude  $180^{\circ}$  and longitude  $0^{\circ}$ . The fact, however, that other men have died in the attempt is not deterring others from continuing the search; but the failures of their predecessors are not lost sight of by them, and the lessons so dearly taught by Franklin and other unfortunates are being understood to-day and well applied. History has taught them that the Arctic regions are too cold for a man to live in for

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any length of time who has been long accustomed to the temperature of a torrid or a temperate zone; and so we find men agreeing that the North Pole is a place that can be found if the length of time taken in finding it can be diminished; and for this purpose air-ships are being constructed to fly to a place that has hitherto been approached only by men tramping over mountains of ice and wading through depths of snow. Some day some one will reach the Pole as a result of his predecessors' experiences, and if he returns to his native land, his country and people will heap laurels upon the victor's head, and all those who went before him will be forgotten. This is the way in which the world progresses. Samuel Johnson toiled on his dictionary that we might be helped in our studies of philology. John Milton wrote poems and verse until his eyes closed in blindness and long after, in order that some poor wretch might be cheered by songs in this age. Shakespeare did not put into words so much happiness in order that this generation might go weeping and wailing to its doom. Burns wrote his works that the sons of Scotland might ever rejoice.

Yet what unthankful mortals we often are. This is an age in which, for self-aggrandizement, men find it convenient to forget the debt they owe to their forefathers.

It is an age in which a Stephen is stoned, a cup of poison given to a Socrates, and a cross and a crown of thorns to a Christ. When man shall be able to determine his true elements of worth, an age of glory will be ushered in. Carlyle once truly said:

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“ One who has nothing to admire, nothing to love, except his own poor self, may be reckoned a completed character; but he is in the minimum state of moral perfection—no more can be made of him.” It seems hard to conceive of a man who would crave such perfection. Yet are we astray very far in thinking that such men can be found ?

Let the streets and alleys of our great cities be searched, and what will be found ? Human ruins and moral wrecks. Living spectres of early decrepitude. Men utterly destitute of all sense of duty and decency; given up wholly to sin and to abomination; inhabiting only the homes of crime and the hovels of vice. Have these men any thought for themselves ? Yes, they have, but it is only for themselves and the vice in which they revel. The man who considers nothing his duty but that which applies to himself alone has sounded the very depths of degradation. If the duty he renders to himself is felt by no one around him, that good turn which he thought he was doing himself will assuredly prove a boomerang, and it were better for him if a mill-stone were hung about his neck, and he were cast into the bottom of the sea. Diogenes of old was once seen going through the streets of Athens with a lantern in his hand at mid-day. When asked by a passer-by what he was looking for, Diogenes replied : “ I am searching for a man; children I have seen in Sparta, women in Athens, but a man I have never seen.” What an awful charge to hurl against the human race ! and especially in Greece, a country that has prided herself in producing some of the

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greatest men the world has ever known, and which, even at the time of Diogenes, was enjoying the philosophy of Plato, the oratory of Demosthenes, and the sage of Socrates. But the old Greek cynic was right. We could not, perhaps, go all the way with this man in his theory concerning man, but we can support him when he makes virtue to consist of self-denial and self-respect.

God made us, and we commit no sin by admiring His handiwork; but if we are the only objects of His creation that invoke our admiration, and refuse to leave the precincts of self to inhale the vivifying atmosphere of an outer and noble circle, then may the Lord have mercy on our souls, for this is no place for us to live in. In this bustling age of get-rich-quick schemes, of trusts and combinations, the tendency is growing stronger for man to adopt as his motto, "Every man for himself," seldom caring who sinks in deep waters so long as the alluring shores of gold and gain be reached. A young man who can live to-day free from the shackles that a worldly world is anxious to wrap around him, is worthy of all admiration. It was much easier for a young man to live in accordance with the laws of the decalogue in the days of Moses than it is to-day.

In those days the human race was, comparatively speaking, enjoying immunity from those men for whom in our day we have had to coin the word "sharks"—men who are ever concentrating their minds upon cunningly devised fables, inventing the most atrocious methods by which the innocent youth of the age shall end his virtuous career, and perpe-

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trating without scruple deeds from which the devil himself might well turn away in contempt. In those days they had not, as we have now, the printing press to deal with, which is being used for both noble and ignoble purposes. Newspapers are pushed into our hands every day recording some of the most revolting of crimes, and so worded as to attract unhealthy minds and defile those that have resided within the sacred walls of unadulterated virtue. The realm of literature never did contain a greater congregation of wretches, waiting to feed those sordid minds that are ever ravenously craving to be fed upon the unwholesome and debasing garbage of so-called literary men. It seems that if a bookseller would do business he must stock his shelves with that kind of literature which his customers demand. God alone can tell what would become of our race, if some men and women did not awaken to the present condition of affairs and do their part towards introducing some genuine, counteracting influences. These godly men and women are they who are lifting the prison gates from their hinges and leading the victims of vice on to a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign. Let these benefactors of society, who are proving themselves to be the healers of the world's sores, be taken away from us, and our cry would be, "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him." God be thanked for all those whom He, in His mercy, has raised up to do His work, but still the harvest is great and the laborers indeed are few. Let us pray, therefore, that He may send more

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laborers into this great field of work, where they may work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more.

The time spent by a young man in considering his duty towards himself will not be lost time, if he consider with proper motives. By his proper considering and reflecting he must inevitably come to the conclusion that God has placed him in the thick of the maddening crowd for a worthy purpose, and the accomplishment of that purpose will depend absolutely upon what the man can do. If he has neglected to take his soundings when in treacherous waters, depend upon it the shoals will be victorious, and disastrous will be his ruin. If the light of a lighthouse has been extinguished during a terrible storm, the captain of a vessel is relieved of no responsibility to watch for the dangerous coast. Take the responsibility of our lives away from us, and have we really anything left worth having? God has trusted us with his greatest treasure, but how often do we think it is of such a value as that which He places upon it? Man's first duty, then, is to find out what value God has placed upon his life, and to what purpose He has assigned it. The importance of self-knowledge cannot be made too pressing. Some men suffer from such exalted views of themselves that they are blind to their own imperfections. Hence it is said of the famous Cardinal Bellarmine that when the priest, according to Romish custom, came to absolve him, he could not remember any particular sin to confess, unless he went back in his thoughts as far as his youth. This leads us to

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believe that whatever acquaintance the learned gentleman had with his books, he had very little with his own mind and heart. For no man can truthfully say he has progressed and yet not found out some of his faults. The discovery of faults is progression; the amending of them is advancement.

After man has studied himself, with good results, he comes to know that that which he desires to see in others he must cultivate in himself. That if he longs for sympathy and affection, he must himself be quick to feel for others and ready to extend a helping hand. That if he would be treated with courtesy, he must first be courteous. That to be treated honorably and justly dealt with, he must first engender within his own breast the principles of justice and of honor. Cheerfulness and good temper in others must first be the qualities of him who desires to behold them. Just as surely as the seed dropped into the ground will blossom forth into leaf, flower and fruit, according to its peculiar nature, so surely will the qualities of mind and heart produced in one man reproduce themselves in another. When we remember that not only are we thus sowing seeds of happiness or misery for ourselves, but also moulding and fashioning the lives and characters of others, no motive should be wanting for the noblest endeavors at self-improvement. Is it untimely at this stage of the proceedings for every young man to put to himself the question, "How am I living?" Is it possible to believe that there are to-day numbers of young men whose last thought would be concerning self-improvement?

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Alas, it is possible, sadly possible. Education, for most young men, seems devoid of charm, and if it were not for the advanced methods of teaching, which seem, as it were, to force learning into the heads of pupils by the administration of heavy blows, youth would grow up to be a boy and die a boy, and the people of this world would confess an ignorance too loathsome to be contemplated. The inclination of the young man is also very evidently in favor of turning his attention towards those pastimes which are not educative in a sense that they should be educative. If he is by nature the fortunate possessor of a strong imagination, how seldom that quality is permitted to perform its royal function! Some men have eyes, but little that is beautiful beyond their own noses is ever beheld. Ears have they, but the finest sounds in creation escape them. Tongues they have, but they are forever blundering. Noses, but all that is sweet turns sour beneath them. Fingers, but the smooth things of life are made rough by their touch. John Ruskin could see beauty in the very stones beneath his feet that ignorant men were using as cruel missiles to kill each other with. A dirty lump of clay does not contain much beauty for some men, yet the scrutinizing eye of a Michael Angelo can see hidden there qualities which, if produced in tangible form, would cause angels to prostrate themselves before it. The beauty in an old chunk of rock that has lain by the roadside for centuries is not known until one day a Phidias comes with mallet and chisel and brings out of that rock a smiling face which, when set up in the temple,



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causes all men to admire it. Men turned their eyes skyward at night-time, and there beheld a firmament lit up by the light of heavenly bodies, but to them it had been merely a light, until some Galileo stepped forward with his telescope and, sweeping its powerful lenses across the sky, revealed the grandeur of mountain scenery all illuminated with the radiance of God's countenance. What a dazzling light there is around some men, and yet they, in their ignorance, are living in darkness. Why is it? All fault is theirs. God did not send them into the world with the powers of perception impaired or thwarted. The functions have not been used, and sorrowful results have ensued, for nature will have her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Those burrowing animals, the mole, for instance, which have decided to spend their lives beneath the surface of the earth, were not overlooked by nature when she made her necessary visit of examination. She found that if the mole was content to live in darkness eyesight would be superfluous, and in her most natural way she had revenge by closing up the eyes. Such is also the case with some kinds of fish that make their place of habitation in dark caverns. These fish have paid the price of their seclusion in the sad way of losing their eyesight, for one of nature's admirable, fixed principles is that nothing shall exist in vain. If a man decides to walk in darkness, of what use to him is the light? Therefore, nature says, take the talent from the man who wrapped it up in a napkin and buried it, and give it unto him that hath the ten talents, for unto him that hath shall

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be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath. This is a wise procedure of nature's. She has defended herself against waste by allowing the decay of faculty to immediately follow the disuse of function. What would have happened had it been otherwise? Things are bad enough as they are, and if nature had not acted firmly in regard to her laws, no human mind would be able to imagine the result. Even now the creative faculty in man is not all that might be desired; he can move along comfortably in a groove that has been made by somebody before him, but his meagre abilities are seen just as soon as he commences to cut a groove for himself. Have you never noticed at what a loss a man sometimes is in a restaurant? He scans the menu card that is crowded with the very best of delicacies, and of such a variety as to accommodate the most fastidious, yet that man seems utterly unable to decide upon his meal until he has carefully studied every other man's plate at the table, to see how they were able to decide. True it is, there is much initial work being done to-day, work that has never been accomplished before, but, as has been said in the early part of this book, what is accomplished to-day is more or less traceable to that which was accomplished yesterday. It is very largely an age of copying, imitating and make-believe. Ugly brick walls are being hidden behind thin slabs of alabaster, to lend poverty the semblance of wealth. Pine logs are being veneered with strips of mahogany, that they may at least have the appearance of beauty; but beauty is an inner quality, and

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must be unfolded, not concealed. The most magnificent jewel in the Prussian crown weighed in its initial state 600 carats, but the cutting down and polishing reduced it to 136 carats; yet the reducing and the cutting away of surplusage brought out its beauty and made it more precious than ever. Just so it will ever be; beauty will always be seen at her best when unadorned and unflattered, for man is not equal to the task of beautifying that which nature has declared beautiful and unimprovable. But he can make an effort to improve and infuse the spirit of genuineness into that which requires it. And his first object of improvement must be himself. There is no man free from faults, so perfect that time spent by him would be wasted in seeking for his wrongs that should be righted. "There is so much good in the worst of us, so much bad in the best of us, that it doth not become any of us, to speak ill of the rest of us." Man spends too little time in seeking out his own faults and too much in attempting to detect the faults of others. There is in every man a continent of undiscovered character, yet there are few men acting as a Columbus to their own souls. It matters not how good a man may be, he will still have a better man dwelling within him, but to whom he is, nevertheless, often unfaithful. Shakespeare voiced a world of thought when he said: "There is a tide in the affairs of all men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." May we not fairly interpret this truth as meaning that the tide does not reach its flood until man has become aware of his failings and made some effort to amend them?

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Ever since the days of Adam fools have been in the majority. Is it not high time for the tables to be turned and steps taken in a more wise direction? Then let the young men take the lead. Let every young man say to himself, "How am I living and acting concerning the welfare of this generation?" Am I prepared to offer some solution to the problems that so perplexed my forefathers? Does it lie within the limits of my power to burrow and delve into depths that have never been entered before? Am I, as a young man, all that I might be, or even all that I ought to be? If not, why not? Who has had the authority to give me admission into the realms of exemption? By whose command do I refuse to realize my wretchedly helpless state and make no effort to prepare myself for the strenuous race of life? It is the command of nobody but the almighty I, who is so often deceived by his own conceit that his vices pass for virtues, his faults for noble works, and his shadow for that of an honest man. The duty a man renders to himself will not be hid from the world, but it will be as bread cast upon the waters, to be seen after many days. This world is always well supplied with men whose qualities are far from edifying, and every generation turns with hopeful feelings towards the rising youth, expecting to find there the seeds of noble ambition, not of morbid sloth; of Christlike qualities, not of Satanic principles; seeds that shall produce such fruit as to sweeten and purify the whole universe and lift this old earth a little nearer heaven. Shall the young men, then, of this generation be a dis-

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appointing quantity? Unless they appreciate the value of the duty to self they can hardly be other than that. Every day it seems to be our good fortune to be brought into touch with those who cast around us so much that is really worthy that we feel wretched mortals in their sight. Yet there are others whom we almost dread to meet lest their vileness should contaminate what little goodness we possess; their very presence fills the room with a malignant atmosphere, and their influences chill us like a cold, clammy day. What a world of happiness the next generation would be if every young man of this generation could awaken to his true sense of duty towards himself and realize that not only is he thereby laying up for himself untold treasures, but that all those who come after him shall know that somebody toiled in their interests in order that they might inherit so great a wealth; for anything accomplished in the interests of self can never become a duty to self, unless it have the effect of benefiting somebody besides self. The millionaires of the land have performed no duty to self who have only considered the financial end of their existence from selfish motives and to the exclusion of all other motives. For it is true, as has been said before, that a man cannot choose his duties. He is not discharging a duty to self by deciding to become a millionaire and a millionaire only. Such is done in the interests of selfishness, of self-gratification, not in the interests of self, for self is not only a part of the past generation, but of the present and of the future. If a man decides to-day to discharge a duty to self by

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acquiring knowledge, he does so knowing that his knowledge must in some measure benefit those with whom he comes in contact. He learns much about the starry heavens and wonders of all creation, and the thought of it so much enthrills him that he must proclaim the tidings; and in that way has not only done his duty towards himself, but to generations yet unborn. Such is not the way with mercenary fiends. If they allow themselves to part with any of their precious mineral, they do so not at the call of duty but at the call of those who rightly claim that these men of money should be the benefactors of society, not the bane. Some, perhaps, try hard to make the outside world believe that they are rising at the beck of duty by donating a considerable sum to a worthy cause, but if the inmost thoughts of the giver could be known while the hand of the beneficiary is extended to receive, those thoughts would betray the desire to hammer the coins into bullets with which to kill the importunate creatures who are ever waiting upon him to remind him of his duty towards mankind.

Thus do we reach the conclusion that the duty to self is no duty if it is only a selfish one; it must be made applicable and serviceable to others. Therefore, let every young man seek to improve himself in such a way that all those who are fortunate enough to know his name may know that the age of worthy progress has not passed by; nor will it ever pass away so long as men realize that its maintenance is dependent on individual effort. Gradually we are beginning to understand that we are the

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architects of our own fortune or failure. John D. Rockefeller knew this when he was a boy without a cent, but with plenty of courage and ambition he has risen to become the recipient of about one million dollars per week as income. Andrew Carnegie as a poverty-stricken boy landed in America with nothing but a strong will and a determination to accomplish something, and to-day the fruits of his labors are recorded in the shape of hundreds of millions of dollars and public libraries all over the land. Men such as these are they who meant to get into the State of Activity, the capital of Interest and to live on the street called Profit. Some one has said that no one is half as likely to deceive a man as a man is to deceive himself. Ten years ago the commercial agencies reported that nine-tenths of men who went into business ended as bankrupts. Last year the report was a little more favorable. But why is it that such things have to be recorded? Simply because round men will in their blindness try to fill square holes. It may well be doubted whether Andrew Carnegie or John D. Rockefeller would have made as successful pastors in proportion to their success as commercial men. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Parker, and Charles Spurgeon were without equals in their calling, and their successes will but very slowly fade away. But had they entered the commercial life instead of the ministerial life their names would not, perhaps, be adorning the scroll of fame to-day and causing all men to admire their abilities. We look around us and it is not hard to find unmistakable evidence of man's

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imprudence concerning himself. A doctor is seen attempting, but miserably failing, to practise medicine who should have been a pork butcher. A man is seen attempting to act the part of a dentist, extracting teeth that never ached, and causing unspeakable pain to the unfortunate sufferers; yet this man, who should be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, continues to ply his trade. Men are also seen jumping and scrambling over clods of earth behind a plough who should be in the city at work on satins and fine linens. The results of these indiscretions on the part of man are really enormous, and the world, in some form or other, has to bear them. The mistakes of this age may not be corrected until the next age, but they will have to be corrected at some time and by some one, just the same as the mistakes of Julius Cæsar in regard to the length of a year were corrected by Pope Gregory XIII., and as those of Ptolemy were corrected by Copernicus.

Armour, the proprietor of one of Chicago's great packing houses, has adopted among other worthy mottoes this one: "I will always risk a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for a man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it." I wonder how many men there are in Armour's plant who are groping around in the dark and do not know it. If that establishment is absolutely free from such men, then, as a packing house, it should pack up those men it has who are in the dark and know it, and preserve them, that the eyes of the world might turn upon them and behold a lesson. It may be a little premature to declare



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that we are on the threshold of the time when all men will proclaim learning to be their fittest company. But we can safely aver that we are nearer the time for every man to be encouraged to open his eyes and see the good things that may be his than we ever were. The time of small states has passed away and the day of empires is here. Awake then, young man, for the hour is great with change! Opportunity is at your door; are you prepared to open and receive her? She knocked at a door a short distance from yours, but no one opened to let her in. Will you treat her the same and send her away to bemoan your loss? It is as an old negro has put it:

"The dreamy poets, somewhere in their versifying, state  
That Opportunity knocks once at every mortal's gate,  
And if the gate ain't promptly swung wide open there  
and then,

Why Opportunity feels huffed, and never knocks again.  
And here and now she offers you her prizes great and  
small ;

Pick out your choice and make it yours—don't try to win  
them all.

But if you fail, why, don't give up, but stick to this old  
text :

'Whenever one chance gets away, brace up and grab the  
next.'

There is no demand for the ignorance of this world to be augmented; the amount that is already with us would be sufficient to supply all succeeding generations. The demand of the passing hour should be for more light, more happiness, by which man's life

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could be enlivened; and it is only by the infusing of the light into the soul of man that the darkness can be dispelled, for the two cannot exist together, nor are they ever found going hand in hand. Then it remains for every young man who would take his place in the affairs of this world to so equip himself that when he is weighed in the balances he shall not be found wanting. We cannot estimate the loss this age has suffered because of the indiscretion and carelessness exercised by those of preceding ages. Millions of men are to-day mental and physical paupers because their forefathers addicted themselves to revolting practices which forbade their minds and bodies to attain maturity, and prevented them from handing down to posterity anything but that which would cause a pang of disgust to everyone who heard of it. Who can estimate the amount of gladness that Lord Byron has deprived this age of through his recklessness of habits and carelessness of morals? Sent into the world with such exceptional abilities to perform a mission to mankind, he fell far below the mark, and the work God sent him to do was never accomplished. So talented was he that he could not help producing great works, such as the most sanguine of literary men could never hope to achieve; and though much has been destroyed by the vicissitudes of the times, yet much remains with us that will only pass away when the languages of this earth shall have become no more. This son of genius, by the production of a poem, found himself at the age of twenty-four perched upon the very pinnacle of literary fame, with shining lights like

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Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of others beneath his feet. It would not be an easy task to find in history another instance of such a sudden rise to such a dizzy eminence. But the acclamations of a whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love and affection of lovely women, the sight of a hundred gay drawing-rooms, were too much for a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and for which education had made no controlling provision. The excesses in which this brilliant young man indulged resulted in circumstances most natural. His fine intellect—an intellect that might, if wisely used, have swayed all the great minds of his day—was soon put to ignoble uses, and with the help of sensual and degraded women he soon became a reprobate of the worst kind. He left the land that gave him birth and genius, to roam about Europe, where his unbridled desires might meet with some satisfaction. Nothing was now too low for him to engage in. Scruples he had none. Remorse was almost foreign to him. After allowing his infamy to run wild in Europe for a while, he betook himself to Greece, where in his earlier days he had received from its scenery much of the inspiration that helped him to write his poems. But his days were numbered, and he knew it. He had drunk to the very dregs every cup of pleasure; he had denied his passions nothing for which they craved; but nature, who had been sadly and sternly beholding it all, suddenly stepped in and called a halt. And there in a strange land, among strange faces,

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Lord Byron was called upon by the voice that subdueth all things to stretch his emaciated and corrupted body upon a bed from which he would never rise alive again, for the Angel of Death had come to arrest what remained of that pitiable frame that was now crumbling to pieces by the effects of immorality. It was on that bed, by the side of which there was not a human being whom he loved, that Lord Byron, at the age of thirty-six, bade farewell to the glarings of a wicked world, and thus was closed the most brilliant and miserable career of the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century. If Lord Byron had lived the life of an honorable man, if he had spent his time in raising, instead of lowering, the standard of morals, the great temple that had received many famous and honorable men great in the realm of thought, would gladly have received his body. But the sacredness of Westminster Abbey was too sacred to be subjected to the insult of having to throw open her doors to receive the body of a man whose career had ended in so much disgrace and shame. Therefore those who knew him bore his troubled dust to the little churchyard at Hucknall, and his grave to this day marks the place where the results of numberless sins lie buried, and the remains of one who should not only have been a beacon in his day to all those who were lost in the darkness of the night, but a guiding star to all those in later generations who should have occasion to inquire for the pathway of life and happiness. The world has not been with-

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out its men who could have done better, and who also had many opportunities for doing better; but somehow these men, by the adverse workings of admiration and flattery, sink to a level that is despicable, and their names, instead of being written high up on the roll of fame by their descendants, are oftentimes found recorded only upon the sands, over which the seas of time are ever washing and effacing. Let the roll of those great men be called who were summoned to a higher court long before their race had been half run, and the list would be long and pathetic. Robert Burns was called upon at the age of thirty-seven to listen to a strange tapping, but it was only the call to another realm; yet he had to leave others to finish a task that he had endeavored to accomplish. Keats laid down his pen at the age of twenty-five, for the roll was being called up yonder, and he had to be there. At the age of thirty the friends of Shelley were shedding tears for one whose outlook was so bright and dazzling on this earth; yet the effulgence of another world outshone it all, and he commenced to take his journey through the skies. It seems almost as though this earth is sometimes too sacred to contain some men, and at other times too wicked for them to reside here. Thus every man mourns the loss of his friend. Some lament the loss by crying, "How are the mighty fallen! Perished are the weapons of the great," while others lament by declaring that God is no longer a friend of humanity, and that His mercy is no longer among them. Let these men take cheer.

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"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

It pains us to sometimes see these unexplainable visitations of Providence, but we are now seeing through a glass darkly. Some day we shall see face to face, and then, perhaps, we shall understand how it is that poets, statesmen, orators and philosophers are taken from us before they have stayed long enough for us to enjoy their company or to appreciate their words of wisdom. Will it not be painful in the extreme when we come to see face to face, and to know that the reason God took our friends of humanity was that an opportunity might be afforded us to fill the breach, and then to know that we were, as the foolish virgins, found with our lamps burnt out and with no strength to fight a good fight?

It would be sad if such were so; and with many it must be so. Man's indifference towards himself will some day assume a stranger aspect. Some day he may have occasion to regret for never having seriously asked himself the question, "How am I living, and what is my value in the eyes of an all-wise One." If the fruits of the good men of the past generation are to be gathered, some one in this generation must carry the baskets and dispose of the fruit. And the man who is unprepared for this kind of work has reached the stage for it to be exceedingly beneficial for him to closely question himself. What we need to-day is not more men but more insight—an insight into the inner man, that those

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qualities which have perhaps lain dormant from childhood may be aroused and stirred to action in the interests of self and of all humanity. If a man has within him the makings of a great business man, and yet not the courage to determine the nature of those makings, he will be of very little use on this earth. To keep abreast of the times is no easy matter. Every day ushers in some new discovery that must be understood. The hurry and rush of life is sometimes almost bewildering, and we are daily forgetting much of that which it has cost us no small amount of trouble and anxiety to acquire. The young man who can keep upon his shoulders a level head, and in his body the nerves and fibres of a giant, is not a man whom the world will pass by in contempt. He will be in great demand, and the demand will be met only so long as young men recognize their duties towards themselves and their obligation of maintaining the integrity of the race. These duties if performed will not go unrewarded, for the world always pays a large dividend on ability, honor and uprightness. The words of St. Paul could scarcely ever be truer than they are to-day: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If he invest ability, he must reap the fruits of ability; if he invest ignorance, he must reap the fruits of ignorance. For like will produce like in whatever part of the globe the experiment is made. It remains, then, with the young man himself to decide upon the fruits he wishes to gather; and that man will endeavor to sow the right kind of seed to produce fruit to suit his taste. The race that is now on will

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soon be run, and it will be another case of the survival of the fittest. He that is weak will fall behind and watch his stronger competitors reach the goal; and the advice to all young men is to quit themselves like men, and to get in at the seeding time or their share in the harvests will be to sit on the fence while the profits go by. Let every young man seek to know himself and to grasp the handle of his own being, and to discover the real reason for his being here on earth; and then, when he puts to himself the question, "How am I living?" his answer will surely be, "I am living, by the grace of God, as best I know how, in the interests of my fellow-beings." Such a one will have the satisfaction of one day hearing the blessed words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."



" While men sleep,  
Sad-hearted mothers heave, that wakeful lie  
To muse upon some darling child,  
Roaming in youth's uncertain wild."

" Be kind unto the old, my friend ;  
They're worn with this world's strife.  
Though bravely once perchance they fought  
The stern, fierce battle of life.

" They taught our youthful feet to climb  
Upward life's rugged steep ;  
Then let us lead them gently down  
To where the weary sleep."

" Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may  
be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

## CHAPTER IV.

### *THE SON'S DUTY TO HOME.*

THE lad who has a good home and knows its value is one deserving of all men's just admiration; but he who has a good home and does not know its value incurs not only the pity, but a fair degree of the scorn of other men.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

More than half a century has rolled by since these immortal words came from the pen of J. H. Payne, yet time has not lessened their value; it has rather increased it, for there could scarcely ever have been a time when the sacredness of the home influence played such an active part in the affairs of men. To defend such an observation it would not be wise to select individual cases, for such reasoning would have the tendency to injure any argument. But the general effect from collectiveness must be admitted to be an improvement on that of half a century ago, or else it must be admitted that the world is not moving on to a better state; and this we will do well to disbelieve. A large company of soldiers may be

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caught in ambush on the battlefield, by such a fact would not argue the defeat and annihilation of the whole army. The percentage of evil from which evil influences emanate is deplorably high; and the percentage of homes from which noble influences issue is not so high as that for which philanthropists are striving. But let the two influences record their general effects, and while there would be many things to grieve over, there would also be much to rejoice over. The progress of these two influences can only be measured by time, since it is impossible to determine whether the evil of house No. 1 is absolutely suppressed as soon as it arises by the good of house No. 2. We are, nevertheless, safe in assuring ourselves that the value of the home is in no wise diminished; that its potentness is increasing to such an extent as to persuade legislators that those problems that are hard to solve in parliaments will readily find their solutions in the home. The rapid and lengthened strides that are being made in science, philosophy, and literature are having most natural salutary effects in every department of life. Every time some wonderful discovery is made, thousands of men in all parts of the world are excited to wonder, and the evoking of this wonder produces most gladsome results. It is impossible for a man to admire the achievements of astronomers, or of surgeons, and allow his finer and nobler feelings to remain dormant. If he be well constituted, the touching of one chord, by the revelations of science, will cause all other worthy chords to vibrate, and the man will step from the level of sordidness to a plane where

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the spirits of better men delight to dwell. Let that man whose lot it has been to live all his life in the slums of London, who has seen no other sights but the filthiness of factory and of Whitechapel, the houses of which emit deadening smells, and the walls of which ooze slime by day, and reek with nauseating fumes at night, in the midst of which this son of ill-fortune lies down to snatch a few hours of sleep ere he returns to his task of earning a few shillings per week that serve to but scantily prolong his miserable existence, be suddenly transported from such debasing surroundings to those of the Swiss Mountains or of Colorado scenery. What a dazzling sight he now beholds! Those lofty peaks and magnificent canons are too much for his dwarfed imagination. He had seen the muddy Thames, and had many times hunted for a clean spot in which to wash off a week's accumulation of dirt; but now he is gazing, awe-struck, upon crystal springs that are spurting from every crevice, and is trying to imagine how such wonders could ever be. What a transformation would take place in the mind of such a man! The fact of existence would dawn upon him. Heretofore he was dead, ceased to be in communication with the outside world; but now the scales have fallen from his mind's eye, and he sees as he never saw before. Can it be supposed that on returning to the old hovel in Whitechapel this man will forget the sights he saw, and make no effort to live, rather than to die? Such a supposition would be contrary to the laws of nature, for her keen dictum is—"Know me, and I will im-

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prove you." The influence of the imagination, and the increased elevation of the mind of that man, would of necessity exert itself in lower and ruder surroundings, and the place of his habitation, which was once one of hunger, poverty, and dirt, would soon be converted into a respectable dwelling, and become the abode of happiness and of integrity. Thus do we find that the home does not suffer damage by the advances that are made in every honorable walk of life, but rather becomes the place to which the extra blessings flow that have been generated within the minds of those who have allowed themselves to be influenced by noble impulses and aspirations. In this respect a man could scarcely be accounted careless for charging the sanctity of the home with a debt to the advancement of civilization. Nothing can be made richer without something is made poorer. And if the home has more happiness to-day than it ever had, it is because that happiness has been extracted from somewhere in which it was once either active or passive. Amid all institutions the home rears her head as the grandest and most sublime. She cherishes nations in embryo, and those in maturity receive her advice. There is no better institution, or any more capable of dispensing the qualities that make for noble-mindedness than that of a goodly home. Who can estimate what this world would have suffered if the influences of Christian homes had not contributed towards its welfare? On every hand there is evidence that the home is playing no small part in the work of empire-building and of char-

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acter-building, and while it is true that the advances of civilization are contributing very largely to the betterment of the home life, it is none the less true that the home life is repaying civilization most marvelously and with usury. For it is the home which often in boyhood forms beforehand our most famous scholars, our most celebrated heroes, and our most devoted missionaries. By reading the histories of men we are forced to believe that in the formation of character the most telling influence is the early home. The sound of one another's voices in the home is not soon forgotten. The prattle of little feet has an everlasting charm. Even the striking of the old clock on the wall is heard after many years. To him who has long been away from the sound of mother's voice there come one day incidents that cause that voice to ring with all its fascination once more, and every detail of his early life looms up before him; and for a while he is permitted to enjoy the serene bliss of home again. Look at that lad who has been fortunate enough to live all his life within the precincts of a godly home, where nothing has occurred to mar the happiness of his life, but where all things have tended to his comfort. A time comes when ambition moves him to seek the busy life of the glaring city; and one day he enters his home and says, "Mother, I am going away from home." Nobody but a mother can understand what such a declaration means; she has seen more, borne more troubles and trials than she cares for her sons to bear, and the words pierce her heart with bitterness while she wonders if she has done all she can to de-

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fend her boy when he is far from her. The morning arrives for the lad to leave his dear ones, and as he takes the step that leads him from beneath the old parental roof, the last one to bid farewell to is his dear old mother, who has cared for him through all seasons of distress, who would rather have lost her arm than that he should suffer pain in a little finger. She throws her arms around him, and with feeble, trembling voice wishes him God-speed, and sends him off with these loving words ringing in his ear:

"Eighteen years we have lived together,  
Midst sunshine and midst stormy weather ;  
You're leaving now my tender care,  
Remember, child, your mother's prayer."

What a blessed send-off for a boy to have! We watch him as he makes his way to the distant railway station. He turns around to have another look at the old home, and sees the face of his mother still pressed against the window pane, and the impression records itself deeply upon his mind. Just before he takes his train he has a final glance at his home, which is now in the distance, and the face of his mother is no longer seen. Follow him now until he reaches the thick of the maddening crowd, and watch him while the malign influences of a wicked world play upon his character. How many times he is tempted! How many times he nears the brink of moral ruin! He had never seen sin under such guises before. His mind had never been disturbed by the sound of ugly words, and when he feels that

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his strength is sufficient to successfully battle against all his adversaries, an almost overwhelming and destructive temptation possesses him; but just before he is about to take a step that would be morally fatal, he is checked, and feels the touch of an unseen hand, and hears the sound of a voice tenderly saying:

"Eighteen years we have lived together,  
Midst sunshine and midst stormy weather;  
You're leaving now my tender care,  
Remember, child, your mother's prayer."

The sound of that still, small voice gives the lad courage and resistibility, and he turns again his back upon the signs of evil, while from above he hears another voice saying, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day." God be thanked for the influence of godly homes. It has peopled many countries with noble men and women. It has hushed the harsh voices that the softer and sweeter sounds might gladden the hearts of the weary, and sprinkle happiness into the lives of the sorrowful. What else could it have been but the blessed associations and godly connections of an early home training that led Florence Nightingale and her little band of helpers to brave the dangers of the battlefield, that wounded and dying soldiers might feel the heavenly touch of earthly hands gently bearing them into the great eternity, where there shall be no more sorrow and no more pain? Loud are the plaudits of men for Florence Nightingale, and the world will not let the memory



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of her readily die. The list of those illustrious men and women who have acted so brave a part in the attempt to lift this old world out of the mire is indeed a long and a never-to-be-forgotten one. If it could be possible to start with the fruit and work back through the blossom, leaf, twig, branch and stem, surely the seed would be found in soil nurtured by influences issuing from a goodly home. True it is, many rough places along the pathway of a man's life are smoothed down by the hands of those who were never permitted to be the participants in the blessings of an early, godly home life. An all-wise One sometimes thinks it best to take away from this vale of tears the mother of one whose life has just begun, and the child becomes the care of those who often mete out to the poor little unfortunate treatment that does not conduce to the cultivation of those traits which characterize God's elect. The child who grows up to become the master of all obstacles of early life is one who merits all the praise that this ungrateful world is wont to give; and all honor to him who meets his obligation as well as he who had a better start in life. But in spite of the fact that both they who started naturally and they who started unnaturally to maintain the influence of godly homes, the work is not yet complete. Pessimists may complain of the pace at which progress is being made, while optimists may think there is little cause for complaint. Whatever may be said about it, of this we are sure, that progress is our watchword. The enforcement of the capital punishment law did not prevent the

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assassination of Abraham Lincoln, but how many Abraham Lincolns has it kept alive? Such is a kind of progress for which we have no method by which to measure it. We are satisfied that progress is being made, but are we satisfied with the pace? If we are, the time is opportune to sing a dirge. So long as there remained a country unconquered, Alexander the Great was evidently happy, but he sat down to weep when there was no other country left to conquer, and at the tender age of thirty-three he was called away from the scene of action, bemoaning the fact that there was no great task left for him to accomplish. There is no danger of this world becoming too God-like, no danger of any one doing too much in the interest of all mankind. The danger is of man doing too little, of his indifference towards the pitfall and moral death traps. What this age needs now is men of will power rather than brute force. There was a time, and not long ago, when the muscles of men's arms and legs were requisitioned to do necessary work, when there were no derricks for lifting heavy weights, or elevators to save the feet from climbing stairs. But inventors have bent the full force of their energies in the attempt to relieve man of his burdens; and now we step into the mill or factory to behold intricate machinery accomplishing those feats that were once accomplished only by men surrendering their lives, to be gradually worn away by hard toil. These were times when man had very little encouragement to turn his thoughts to nobler ideals. His was one weary, toilsome, uninviting existence. But now the

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scene has changed. No longer is man required to lend his back and muscles to the builder. No longer has he any cause to curse God and die; all things, through these long years, have been working together for his good, until to-day he can stand forth and watch the grand results of a mighty evolution that has taken place around him. If man was ever blessed with the opportunity of resting his body and working his brain, surely such an opportunity cannot be compared with that of to-day. The sun rises every morning, and casts his smiling rays upon some new scheme for the betterment of man's condition, physically, and yet thousands and thousands rest their heads contentedly upon their pillows at night-time for the whole of their lives, and it never dawns upon them that upon whom much is bestowed from them shall much be required. The fact that advancement all along the line has greatly lessened man's physical labor does not argue that he has received a license to live here in comparative self-content, with no concern as to how succeeding generations shall live. If he is not called upon to produce as much brute force as he was a decade ago, he is not called upon to display a lesser degree of manhood and of will-power. If there is no exertion of his needed to lift a ton of stone to the top of some building, he is still required to exert himself in the raising of some life to a higher plane. If his lot has been made easier to bear, it is only that he may find it easier to make another's lot easier. If the advancement of machinery has produced for him boots of longer wear, it is only that they may be worn the

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longer in travelling the road that leads to some poor unfortunate's hut, where one lies thirsting for a cup of cold water. And so we might go on multiplying the cases, only to find ourselves with the same result --that one man's raising must mean another man's lifting. If a lad leave home, charged with the purity of home life, and with the determination to better some other's life thereby, that lad will, indeed, grow up to become a philosopher. But he who leaves home with no purpose but that of idle, selfish travel will surely, ere he returns, find someone who will acquaint him with his folly and his shame. There are too many men living to-day who do not know what a debt they owe to an early home training. Unthinkingly they plod along their weary ways, regardless of the fundamentals that make life worth living, for is not the very thought of one's early life, when fun and frolic had such intense meaning, alone sufficient to inspire a man to live and enjoy the memory of it? Let those memories be taken from us, and we are robbed of a most precious possession. Where is the man who would wish to forget the happiness he once knew when playing with his toys upon the hearth, or building castles on the sand by the seashore? Such are not ignoble thoughts to retain in the mind, and more meditation upon them would not be harmful, for they remind us of the days before we were tarnished with this world's stain. Would to God we could spare more time to ponder over such thoughts; not that our minds might dwell in a realm of thoughtlessness, but that some worthy lessons of simplicity and of innocence

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might be learned again. The tendency of human-kind is, unfortunately, not to rise, but to decline. Naturalists tell us with much assurance that if the horse, the dog, or the cat be taken from its domestication and placed in parts far removed from such environment, it will inevitably revert to its wild and worthless forms again. What is true of the animal is in no wise less true of man, who, after all, is only what he is because he has ceased to live in caves and tree tops. The more inattention man gives to virtue, the greater must his vices become. Virtue in man is not self-sustaining. It is a fire that burns brightly so long as the flame is fanned, but one that soon dies out when the efforts to maintain it are withdrawn. All honor to him who can answer with scruple when the question is put, "How are you living?" that his time is employed in suppressing his vices that his virtues may have a longer and worthier life. As a man thinks in his heart, so is he; and the lad who has no thoughts regarding his duty towards his home can never be reckoned a friend of good society. Let us cherish the hope that this generation does not contain one man so low in the moral and social scale as to possess no thought of that home in which he, as a child, gladdened many a heart. But, alas, it is painful to know of the number who possess so little thought for their homes, that their lives almost lead better men to embrace the belief that the beasts of the field have escaped their limits, and taken up their abode among civilized men. The sanctity of the home has not yet, by any method, been rendered null and void; it has still its

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ancient and wielding power, and every young man who is to-day permitted to live under the firmament of heaven, and enjoy the bounteous gifts of God and nature, is duty-bound to recognize that sanctity, and do his part towards perpetuating it throughout the ages. That lad who is blessed with a healthy frame and a fair share of this world's goods will never be able to do too much to pay off the debt that he contracted at his mother's knee. Too often do lads leave home to seek pleasure in another sphere of life, and seemingly forget all they leave behind them. The gaiety of a gaudy world enthrals them; mean and sordid thoughts steal into their minds and destroy those noble seeds that had been sown in the home, and which, if well nurtured, would have grown into manliness and uprightness. Slowly but surely they become entangled in a network of misery, from which little escape is offered. Gradually they forget the face that pressed against the window pane when they turned their feet towards a strange land. Soon the mother's pleadings no longer ring in their ears, and sting the conscience. Letters to dear ones at home cease to be written. No more do they wish to send words of cheer and of solace to the dear old mother who still sits through the shades of evening gazing contemplatively into the fire, wondering what has become of him to whom she gave birth, and for whom she is now wearing grey hairs and wrinkles of care across the brow. There is a story told of a lad who, during a fit of passion, packed his little trunk, bade farewell to those at home, and sailed away on a steamer for a foreign shore. So haughty

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and passionate was he, that to no one of the family would he confide the name of the place of his intended destination; and so mother, father, brothers and sisters watched the departure of one whose heart had suddenly turned into stone. The lad reached his destination and became a stranger in a strange land; still his heart remained as hard as adamant. Unflinchingly he went about his daily task with the resolute determination of letting no one in his native land know of his whereabouts. If this son of misery could have stooped in his pride to peep into that family circle when the evening prayer was being offered in his behalf, his heart would have yielded its stiffness; but his passion forbade it. Long years had passed by in this wretched way, when one bright morning this man of shame received his sight. The trump had sounded, and in the twinkling of an eye all was changed. He was now called upon to bear the pains of knowing that no word from mother, father, brothers, or sisters had he had all those long years, and the ambition of his broken heart was now to return to the place he deserted, and seek out those faces he could now dearly love. The day arrived for him to embark, and he commenced his journey across the waters to search for those whom he once had rejected and despised. It was not long before his native shore was reached, for during his absence great advances had been made in ocean travelling. He lost no time in reaching the railway station, and purchased a ticket for the little town he left many years ago. In the meantime the suspense was great, for he was now more anxious than ever to reach the

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place of his birth and give the family he forsook a grand surprise visit. The little town was reached, and though he noticed the many changes that had taken place, the change was not sufficiently charming to arrest his attention for any length of time; there was only one place he wished to reach, and that was the place where long ago, he, in his passion, had bid adieu to all who loved him. He turns the last corner, and his old home hoves in sight, and he makes one wild rush for the gate on which he had many times been swung to and fro by one whom he now expected to embrace in tender love. But, oh! who is there who would exchange lots with this unhappy man? Three times he knocks at the door before any one opens to him, and then it is opened roughly by one whom he has never seen before. There is no one in that house who can give him any news regarding his family, for they are strangers in the place. Sadly he turns away from the house, the very sight of which had aroused a thousand blessed memories in his mind, and wanders dumbfounded down the familiar streets, but meets no familiar faces. At last he meets one whom he had known when a boy, and begins to question him about those whom he had come back from Helldom to greet. Sad and painful, indeed, was the story this old school-boy had to tell the wayfarer. "For long years," said he, "every member of your family made searching enquiries as to your whereabouts, but nothing beyond the fact of your having sailed away from the British coast could be gleaned. Every night there could be seen a light in the little low window that your feeble and



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distressed old mother had placed there before going to her bed and restless sleep, lest, as she thought, you might return at any time and find the place in darkness. Nor would she retire at night-time with the door barred and bolted against unwelcome comers; always saying that she would rather have burglars break in, than that you should try the door and find it locked. Your brothers and sisters all grew up to be married and are now scattered over many parts of the globe. The infirmities of old age did their work, and aided by much mental worry, your parents, I believe, both died, grieving over you who had treated them so. Your father was the first to take his leave of this life, and shortly afterwards your dearly beloved, yet much abused mother, who always had a smile for all who went her way, felt that all pleasure was gone, and she, too, passed down the way your father went, and they now lie side by side in the little old graveyard yonder." What a mournful tale to tell any man, especially one who had returned to make happy the lives of those who had long been still in death. With trembling frame this prodigal made his way to the graveyard that he might at least see the ground that held sacred the remains of those who had cared for him long years ago. Like a thief in the night he stole among the graves, tremulously scanning the inscriptions on every stone, until at last he stopped before one that bore the names of his father and mother. Time had almost obliterated some of the words, but with tearful eyes this son of pity read:

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"And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Zion in her anguish  
With Babylon must cope."

The heart that years ago was as unyielding as flint, was now as a sponge soaked in grief. All strength gone, this poor wretch threw himself across the grave upon which the grass had been growing for many a long day, and there, like a broken-hearted child, sobbed out his remorse. What would he not give if he could only let his mother hear his voice again! But it was too late. The angels from heaven had been to earth, and had carried her away into Abraham's bosom, there to be for ever with the Lord. The man may linger there by the side of the grave until the crack of doom, in the hope of catching a sound from the voice that is still, but his will be a forlorn hope. The only hope he may cherish is of meeting those dear ones on a golden shore; and what a meeting that will be! Mothers and fathers must part from us here, but, thank God, there will be no parting in the realm beyond the clouds. There are laws laid down, however, by which that meeting shall take place. No meeting of dear ones for him who chooses the reprobate's grave. No drunken son will meet a Christian father. No brutal husband will meet a tender wife. Dives and Lazarus must remain apart. But David and Jonathan may live together up there. That lad who would enjoy the company of his mother, or of any of his family through eternity must acquaint himself with the laws that are governing that eternal relationship. How

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is the lad living to-day ? Are the obligations to home fully met ? Are the ears alive to the sounds that emanate from the godly home ? Is the conscience alert ? What compensation is the lad making to those who gave him learning and ability to take his place among the leading men of the day ? Too often is it forgotten that the father has toiled and the mother has wept that a weak one might be strengthened to battle successfully in the conflicts of life. Many men have escaped from danger by being let down, as it were, like Paul, over a wall, but how often are they who held the rope in that time of crisis remembered by those who gained their freedom ? What can be thought of that lad who is put to college on the hard-earned savings of parents, who are desirous that he may have a better start than they had, and grows up to enjoy the luxuries of life afforded by a remunerative profession, while those who opened up the course for him are tottering to a beggar's grave ? The pages of history are crammed with the records of such instances. There lived in Liverpool, during the year 1870, a mother and her son. Circumstances had rendered it necessary for both to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. They had lived thus since the death of their bread-winner a few years before, who had been employed as an underpaid dock laborer. One day the mother and son were in consultation, the outcome of which was that the mother was to apply a portion of her earnings to those of the son until there should be sufficient to pay for his passage to the Californian gold fields, while the mother should re-

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main at home and continue to linger on her scanty earnings. The day came when the arduous accumulations were sufficient to buy the ticket, and the lad left for the place where the gold was. For the first few years he did not forget that he had left a widow and a child-stripped mother behind him, who was toiling in the hope of prolonging her existence that she might have the pleasure of once again seeing her boy, and, peradventure, living in comparative comfort on that, the getting of which she had facilitated by contributing her share by the labor of her hands. But, alas, she was following a will-o'-the-wisp, for after a few years had passed by, the lad had been successful in securing considerable of that glittering mineral, and it was the same old story. The love for dear ones and for humanity at large was supplanted by that insidious love for this world's riches. The mother was not forgotten by this lad, but it would have been better for her if she had been, for one day the gold fiend returned to England and sought out the one who had borne his early burdens; but the sight of her was repulsive to him. He had, during his absence from home, been nursed in the very lap of luxury. Fortune had very bounteously bestowed upon him her gifts so far as this world's goods were concerned, and he had not been called upon to condescend to men of low estate. Poverty, in his eyes, was now an obnoxious element, forgetting that he had once revelled in it, yet now staunchly refusing to alleviate it. He clung to his money as a drowning man clings to a strand of straw. If he had been hammered out on the anvil of adversity while gold

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hunting, his humanity would have been preserved and his mother honored. But greed and avarice had gnawed away his virtues and left him with nothing but gold and a devilish disposition. Poor qualities, indeed, to make a man. No sense of duty remained any longer with this brute who had returned from his muck-rake expedition, and the trials that his old mother, to whom he owed so much, was called upon to bear at his hands, were such that only a Supreme Judge is able to adequately punish so vile a perpetrator. Human endurance in this old woman, who was now hobbling around a poorly furnished hovel, soon reached its limitation. Poverty and a nerve-shaken system are not the elixirs of life, and so when this son had kept up his work of life-devastation for about three weeks, the mother was snatched by the messengers of God and carried to a happier home. What a sad plight that son will be in when the books are opened and his crimes announced! Lest others should be equally wretched on that great day, let every young man ask himself, "How am I living? How many tears am I causing my parents to shed?" Vital questions these, yet not untimely. What better satisfaction could any man crave than that of knowing that his parents went comfortably to heaven, that he did all he could to make the pathway smooth and easy, and that they left this world with his credentials for a place of honor in that house of many mansions. There will be such cases and those not a few. James A. Garfield's name is enshrined within the hearts of millions to-day, because on the 4th day of March, 1881, he performed a deed that

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warranted everlasting veneration. At the close of his inaugural address as Chief Magistrate of the United States, he raised his hand to heaven and a hush fell upon the mighty, admiring crowd. Then, with a voice as clear as a bell he sent his words to the ends of that vast assembly, saying that he was about, on that the most memorable day of his life, to honor one whose feet had tired many times rocking his cradle, and one who had nourished him in all the vicissitudes of life, and shared with him his many troubles. A moment of intense silence reigned; it seemed as though the voices of earth had been stilled that a nobler sound might be heard. Then those awe-struck spectators of such an act gave vent to their feelings, and their shouts of applause rent the air, for a man who had just ascended the heights of fame had kissed his mother who stood by his side. The world does not let such godly acts die, they are destined to everlasting record; and though the assassin's poisoned bullets soon carry such worthy men from our midst, yet there is no method known to man or God by which the memory of such noble deeds can be destroyed. Kingsley once wrote:

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain;  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown  
Can never come over again."

What is done to-day will have to be accounted for at some time. No evil deed done but what will somewhere produce its effects. A harsh word spoken does not always fly to the winds, but often makes a

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deeper impression than a kinder one. If the wrinkles on mother's brow could be traced back through their various stages, how many of us would not feel a pang when the first cause was detected? The expressions of the face are but the outward signs of the heart's feelings, and if the heart is cut with bitterness, depend upon it the face will bear the ugly scar. The doings of the son may have small beginnings, but, oh, what mighty endings some of them have! It is the little things of this life that have their importance, and woe unto him who disregards them. It was only the capsizing of a small candle that set fire to the great city of Chicago. It was only a defective plank in the hull of a vessel that sent many precious lives down to a watery grave. It was only a little spark that blew into the powder magazine, but it caused the wrecking of hundreds of houses and the killing of many men. A small nail near the compass of a great Atlantic liner will not lie there without exerting an influence that is likely to send that ocean palace to destruction. During naval manoeuvres a misinterpreted sign sends a battleship crashing into the sides of another and the waters receive the helpless victims. One man's speech will sometimes deflect the stream of centuries, and his imprudence has to be atoned for on the field of battle. Warren Hastings may have lived a life in India that seemed to him right and justified. But in the eyes of an Edmund Burke India's sacred trusts had been violated by crimes and misdemeanors, and during a speech lasting four days he showed that Warren Hastings' life was black with every form of vice

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and unredeemed by a single virtue. There is a way that seemeth right unto men, but the end thereof is too wretched to contemplate. Walk down the corridor with the centuries behind you and everywhere will be seen the footprints of an evil one. The effects of the ravages of one generation are not easily effaced by another, but it is the duty of the succeeding generation to repair the wastes of the preceding one and to prepare the way for the coming ones. These may be arduous and toilsome duties; nevertheless they must be performed, for a charge has been entrusted to our care which, in the eyes of an all-wise One, is not too burdensome. We are to do our duty and leave the rest to God. Then ask yourself, young man, how you are living. Are you doing your duty towards your home that others may be made conscious of theirs? If not, consider for a moment the effect of your life on the life of others. A box of costly ointment cannot be broken in the house, with which to anoint the head of some weary traveller, without the sweet perfume entering every corner. Nor can a weed grow up beside a violet without partaking of some of the violet's precious elixir. Such is a law of nature. A smallpox victim is in danger of contaminating all those with whom he comes in contact; recognizing this law, medical men advocate the erection of isolation hospitals that those afflicted may be kept apart from that which is pure until all danger is past. If this be a physical law that is true, its corresponding ethical law is not less true. Thus does it behoove every man to let his light so shine that others may see his good works



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and may know that he is placed here for some better purpose than that of contributing to the continuation of degradation. Our lives are half spent before we have any idea as to what life really is. Often do we forget that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. We cannot at times even take the lesson from the little busy bee and improve each shining hour. Onward we rush, heated in the fray, watching men ever falling by our side, and yet forgetting to let another's shipwreck be our beacon. Ruskin has given us many beautiful thoughts about ourselves, and once he truly wrote: "Most men do not know what is in them till they receive the summons from their fellows; their hearts die within them, sleep settles upon them—the lethargy of the world's miasmata; there is nothing for which they are so thankful as for that cry, 'Awake, thou that sleepest!'" Was there ever a need for a greater awakening than in this twentieth century? Slowly once slumbering nations are emerging from their obscurity; and now that they are crying aloud for some one to go over and help them is the time for all men to assert the principles of manhood in every department of life. But fifty years ago and the doors of Japan were barred to all comers; now the eyes of her people are being opened to the grand possibilities that lie before her. Missionaries are being welcomed with a warm welcome because they carry with them the principles that lift a man high enough that he may see his own misery and thereby be inspired to improve his ways of living. Japan is now fast becoming nationalized, civilized, and Chris-

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tianized, and the time is not far distant when that country of the Rising Sun will take her place among the foremost nations of the world in commerce, literature, art and philosophy. China, India, and other pagan countries cannot be deemed more pagan to-day than they once were, though the progress has been heartrending indeed to those zealots who have given their lives in the attempt to bring them from darkness into the most marvellous light. What has been done, however small it may appear to be, has been done in the interests of humankind, and has been the result of some one at some time allowing the still, small voice to be heard whispering its words of warning and of cheer. The more attention that is given to that voice, the greater will the records be. All seeds will not fall upon stony ground; some will fall into soil that will quickly produce a hundred fold. Now is the seeding time, and every man, if he would later be a reaper, must now be a sower, a sower of seeds that will bring forth an abundant crop of happiness. It must be left with the young man himself to decide upon the seeds he will sow and the time for sowing them. But he who is possessed of a sense of duty will waste no time, for he will know that there is but one season of the year that is suitable for sowing and but one that affords the harvest. Let the son, therefore, make haste to ask himself, "How am I living?" Let him be encouraged to plod on towards noble achievements, knowing all the time that by winning the first goal of his ambition his father's face will flush with pride and his mother's eyes fill with tears of happiness

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over his first victory. Then when this earthly race is run and the shadows begin to fall, he who on this earth honored and adored his home will pass over the silent stream of Jordan, beyond which there is a home not built with hands, eternal in the heavens. It will be when those pearly gates swing back to let him in, and he catches the strains of heavenly music sung by angel voices, that he will understand the spirit of what he sung below:

" My Father's home is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky,  
When from this earthly prison free  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be."



From days of darkness, shame, and fear,  
Men's hearts have always had a cheer  
For the land that gave them birth.  
No matter how the battle went,  
Or the number of flags the enemy rent,  
The name of country turned gloom to mirth.

The pride we have for our country  
May be made a worthy quality,  
If used in a cause sublime.  
On every hand, and in every way,  
Compatriots are found wandering astray,  
To be scoffed at in every clime.

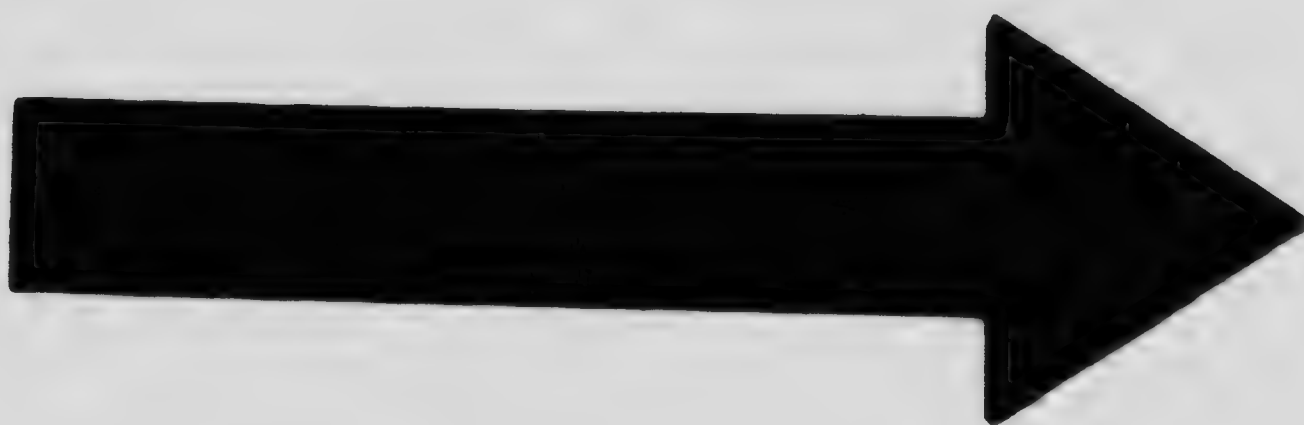
Then, let the voice be never still,  
Nor slow to declare the country's will  
In the interests of mankind.  
We'll leave the spoils of our earthly fight,  
The happier if we've done the right  
In the country by birth assigned.

—W. T. H.

## CHAPTER V.

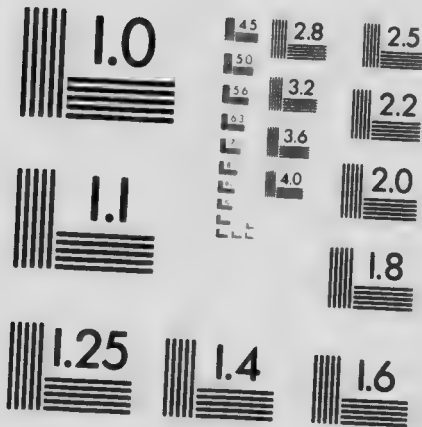
### *THE SON'S DUTY TO THE STATE OR COUNTRY.*

It will matter very little how assiduous a young man may be in the discharging of his duty towards God, self, and home, if his duty towards the State be neglected. His task will not be done until he has exerted his every effort in the attempt to improve something. There never has been a nation past improvement, and there never will be. Ever and anon there will arise in every State questions of mighty import, wrongs demanding redress and the most careful and deliberate consideration. If the young men refuse to turn their attention towards these problems, to whom are we to look for the solutions? True it is, England had but one Pitt, who, at a very early age, threw himself into the very thick of political life and struggled strenuously with taxation and financial problems; but is there any reason why England or any other country should not produce another Pitt? Not one, perhaps, surcharged with the obnoxious desire for power alone, but at least one anxious to grapple with the perplexing questions of State. The reign of Louis XIV. may be safely claimed to be the most illustrious in letters, art and history. Corneille, Racine and Molière were attempting to command the emotions



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of the French people and to make the whole country rock with laughter. La Fontaine and Boileau vied in poetry. Bossuet was swaying by wonderful oratorical powers the minds of men at his will, ably defending the doctrines of the Catholic Church and delivering funeral orations which to this day remain the monuments of French eloquence. Bruyère and Rochefoucauld were establishing codes of honor all over the land and expounding the attributes of morality in every nook and corner. Pascal with his philosophy, Saint-Simon and Retz with their histories, were contributing no small share to the treasury of knowledge. Yet in that age, when so much was being done on every hand to improve the affairs of State, Louis XIV. did not think it was for him to lie dormant, and with his famous saying declared, "L'état, c'est moi." France will never ask for another Louis XIV., but she will never cease to ask for men possessed of aggressive spirits, and with the courage to say, "Here am I, send me." When Bacon said, "The principal point of greatness in any State is to have a race of military men," he did not desire men to think that a nation to be great must have an army of soldiers stationed in every community waiting to receive orders to fix bayonets and suppress some trifling agitation. But that a nation to be great must have men of military calibre, men prepared to enter the worthy conflicts of life and battle for those unable to fight for themselves. This, surely, is true statesmanship.

There is a very evident tendency on the part of young men to shrink from matters dealing with State

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affairs. This tendency may not be more apparent than it ever was, but there is great need for its becoming less so. The charms of public life have not yet decayed, nor has the public come to withhold its laurels from well-deserving brows. All that is being asked for to-day is justice, liberty and truth, and the young men of this generation are they who should arise in their might and dispense these qualities. In order that the youths may be better fitted for these duties, literary societies and debating clubs are being established everywhere for the purpose of closely studying the nation's problems, the solutions of which are not always easy to find. But, alas, how small is the percentage of those who could take advantage of such marvellous opportunities that do actually take them. The football field and the glare of frivolous society are all too attractive; not that the football field is to be despised, or that frivolity is to be utterly ignored, but that these things should be in their proper places and not allowed to emerge from their limits and intrude upon other ground that is held for other purposes. It is a noble sight to watch a game of football between sprightly young men who have been bountifully endowed by nature with great physiques, whose muscles stand out like ropes of steel. But it is far from ennobling if those men have not combined the strength of their bodies with the force of their minds. When the Athenian youths had used the gymnasium to make of themselves young Apollos in health and strength, they encouraged their feet to run swiftly along the pathways of literature, art and philosophy;

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and the glorious works that have come down to us from early Greece speak eloquently for those who allowed their pleasures to be under manly restraints. In the sixteenth century the frivolities of society were well-nigh at their zenith. Every one seemed to be craving court favors, and some of the so-called prominent men were never more happy than when surrounded by a crowd of giggling and disreputable women. Leicester, Seymour and Essex might have been mighty powers for good in the land if they had put every pleasure in its proper place; but this they could not, or would not, do, with the result that they went down to shame and ignominy, and memory has no laurel for them. Bacon lived in those days, and vied with the rest to secure the smiles and affectionate favors of Elizabeth; and though he succeeded by abominable methods in getting them, yet he must have listened at some time to the knockings of a pleader or his "Essays" and "Novum Organum" would not have reached us. Every young man will sooner or later find himself in precisely the same position, in a position where he will have to decide whether his life was given to him to be used in his own interest solely or in the interest of those around him. When this question is decided the literary and debating societies will not be spurned, nor will the athletic field be deserted. But a time and place will be allotted to each pleasure in such a way as to render no injury to any one of them.

A time will never come when the people of a nation will be too numerous to do its work. In this age and generation we are being called upon to do

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the work that our predecessors left unfinished and in some cases did not even begin. We are fighting with might and main the evils of the liquor traffic; whereas, if previous generations had aroused themselves and enacted suppressive laws, we might at least be spared some of the present anxiety. Thus we find that we are doubly burdened; not only have we the work of this generation to accomplish, but that which was handed down to us from by-gone days. Each generation should endeavor to do its own work, and this one should leave nothing undone for the next to finish, for the next will have enough troubles of its own to cope with. This places every young man in no uncertain position; it is for him to not only clear a way for himself but to see that he leaves nothing in the way to be cleared by his successor. If every hand were thus employed, the service rendered to the nation would record itself for ever. Emerson once truly said that the State must follow, and not lead, the character and progress of the citizen. Hence, if legislators decree that a certain code of morals is permissible, the State must follow that code. We no longer bow down to a despotic king, we have become through representation our own rulers; or, as Herbert Spencer says, "We obey no laws save those of our own making. We have entirely divested the monarch of legislative power, and should immediately rebel against his or her exercise of such power, even in matters of the smallest concern. Whether popular or despotic, governments were in ancient times supposed to have unlimited authority over subjects. Individuals

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existed for the benefit of the State, not the State for the benefit of the individuals."\* We are now able to frame laws to suit our cases and desires, and in so doing we allow ourselves to become the arbiters of our own destiny. If this be so, if it be that we are now standing without support, that we have become both architects and builders, surely the time is opportune for us to seriously question ourselves regarding our duties; to inquire whether or not we are doing that which a nation demands, and rightly demands, of its every subject, viz., a little work in the interests of its welfare. In the secret recesses of every man's heart there is an unspeakable love for his own country. So firmly attached is he to the land that gave him birth that nothing short of superhuman power would suffice to annihilate that attachment. It is a love of the home species, and by no means an inferior quality. Could a Japanese be persuaded to renounce his nationality? Would a Chinaman for any consideration permit himself to be looked upon as a Russian? Could the persecuted Armenian's mind be so wrenched out of shape as to compel him to recognize Turkey as his country? Would it not be sufficient to cause the Parnells and the O'Connells to turn round in their graves at the sound of a man's voice proclaiming the fact that an Irishman had become an Englishman? One might as well attempt to stem the ocean's tide, or to prevent the sun from rising, as to attempt the task of persuading the meanest of subjects to clothe their minds with the

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\* "First Principles."

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garb of another nationality. Residence in a foreign country may create a love for that country, but it will not break the tie that binds the affections to that country whence they spring. The home-land will ever be the magnet, and woe to national life if that magnet should ever lose its magnetic influence. It is only the true American who can sing:

" My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing," etc.

A very meagre inspiration lays hold of the foreigner while he sings those words, but let his own national anthem be sung, and every fibre of his being is shaken with patriotic throbs. It is only natural, and that which is natural is not easily destroyed. But it is not enough for a man to disdain the adoption of another nationality; he must be active, not passive; and if there is one class more than another to whom that should apply, it is not to those men who have long borne the burden and the heat of the day and are now seeking a little repose before the alarm bells of eternity begin to peal. Nor is it particularly to those of middle life who have passed out of their novitiate and must of necessity keep close to those principles the enunciation of which placed them where they are. But it is to the young men of the land, whose plastic political minds are as clay in the potter's hands. It is they who should be up and doing, for some day into the hands of these young men will fall the reins of power, and the destinies of empires will rest in their charge. No time could be

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too soon for a young man to become enthused in his country's cause, and if he does not show much enthusiasm between twenty and thirty, depend upon it he will not be the man to show the world that he is good for much after that age. Goethe was not drawing severely on his fertile imagination when he said: "The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under five-and-twenty." If a young man at that age be devoid of opinions regarding the affairs of his country, he can scarcely expect to be one of her favored subjects. There comes a time in the life of every nation when she calls for help to defend her rights in foreign lands; and at such a time there is no one more willing to take his life in his hands and enter the thickest of the fight that his country may preserve her prestige and supremacy among the nations of the world, than the young man under twenty-five years of age, who is always anxious for an opportunity to satisfy the cravings of an ambitious and daring spirit. We have good cause to be proud of such men; good cause to rejoice that the past generations did not lack the young men possessed of sufficient patriotism, energy and enterprise to lead them forth to the battlefield, there to gladly lay down their lives that the wheels of progress and of civilization might not be clogged. Such noble acts were for noble purposes, and we must revere the memory of them. But now that civilization and enlightenment have reached such advanced stages, compared with those of by-gone days, we do not ask that our young men should merely stand in readiness to seize a rifle

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and march to face a hostile foe, but that his every moment should be employed in such a way as to contribute, no matter how little, to the elevation of national life, with the object in view of turning swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks. Such an ideal state of things it may never be the good fortune of man to behold, but the seeming impossibility of a feat should not deter the effort. The brute spirit in man has been dominant too long; it has led him into many dark places and has many times made him what the Creator did not intend him to be. When Caesar made his piratical marches through Gaul, everywhere in his wake could be seen the work of a destroyer; towns and villages were devastated and the land was made one vast burial ground. But looking back across the ages we see in the wake of civilization gardens that were once deserts; educational institutions erected upon sites that were once occupied by barbarians; factories and workshops covering the ground where once were camped armies in battle array. The battlefields of Waterloo, Gettysburg, and a score of other once bloody scenes are now being made the picnic grounds for Sunday-schools. Is this to be wondered at? No, not at all; we are marching onwards to a better state; the hounds are in full cry. It was necessary that man should give his life in the subduing of dangerous forces, for future generations had to be considered. It is true that this work has not yet been completed; the Jew is still at variance with the Samaritan, the hawk has not yet taken on the nature of the robin, and if a Goliath arises, some David



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must be found to wear the victor's laurels. But the work of this generation is not to supply the Israelite with a sling with which to attack the Philistine, but with a love that subdueth all things. All through nature to the reflective mind there is a set plan, a plan that was drawn up by an infinite mind that reckoned a thousand years as one day. In the mind of that Architect there were the solutions to what man in his smallness called mysteries. Everything is taking place according to the Divine purpose. There are few mysteries connected with that which God has created; some things we cannot explain or understand, but they are not wholly mysterious. What seems to one man incomprehensible is to another as an open book. It has not been given to every man to delve into the depths of the infinitude. Some things have been withheld from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes. Nothing can become a mystery until the powers of an infinite mind have become exhausted. Man must reach his extremity, but such a time is God's opportunity to reveal what has been concealed.

It was hidden from man, but not from God. It seems hard for men, with their inferior thinking powers, to understand why God should so often stand aloof and not interfere when the interests of His subjects are being jeopardized. These are they who have not caught a glimpse of the Divine plan, who now see through a glass darkly, but some day shall see face to face. Well might we ask why a man like Thomas Paine should ever have been allowed to roam about this earth seeking whom he might devour

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and make the victims of his diabolical principles and doctrines. But what happens when a man like Paine dies, whose name could not have been more fitting? God surely saw that the seeds this man had been sowing must be extirpated, and so in the year 1809 we watch a Paine depart and a Gladstone and a Tennyson arrive, to more than counterbalance by good deeds the evils of one just dead. The people of Galileo's day could not believe that they had among them a man who had touched the chords of a truth that would vibrate forever. For advocating and attempting to propagate the astronomical truth that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, he provoked the hostility of the Church, was brought to the bar of the Inquisition and compelled to forswear his theory by oath. But God was looking on. He could see beyond the range of these men's visions, and would not allow truth to be defeated. So when, in the year 1642, Galileo was pushed out of life broken-hearted, God made provision for the continuation of the truth, and as Galileo's sun set in the west, Newton's simultaneously rose in the east. This wonderful execution of the Divine plan concerning all creation is never obscured from sight. The Ingersolls, Harrisons, Humes and Voltaires may march in their numbers, but on their heels will be the Drummonds, Bruces, Hugos, Miltons and the Emersons. Truth crushed to earth will rise again and more triumphantly. Nations do not spring up like mushrooms in the night; they are the superstructures that are erected upon foundations, the work of which employs the genius, the blood and the

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tears of many ages. This work of empire-building is by no means trifling. Hundreds of gallant statesmen have given their lives in its cause, and have often left the work, feeling discouraged and disappointed, when the building appears as a sandhill in the hour-glass of time. The noise of the crush and crumbling of empires has deafened the ears of too many; still the work of building must go on. Previous failures are poor incentives for future attempts; but, although the noise of the fall of the Roman Empire is made by Gibbon to still din in our ears, yet by long lingering among the ruins we may find the things that will serve as stepping-stones to our achievements, and by others' faults correct our own. The statesmen of the present age are the most favored of all ages. Everything that has been accomplished, everything that has been attempted, everything that has proved a failure, is spread out in plain and indelible colors upon the pages of history and held up to the light of day for the guidance of those who have assumed the task of empire-building. Never again need we expect a Seven Years' War, for the causes and effects of such wars are too well known. Never again need we look for a French Revolution, for since those days men have been studying the nature of the seeds of sedition with a view to their destruction. Old Father Time has made us what we are; he has brought us many roses, he has wrought many changes, and has been the best doctor for all the ills of past generations. The statesman may now walk into his library, and as the histories of men great and small unfold them-

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selves before him, he listens, and can almost see the shelves shake as the voices from the books shout to him words of wisdom and guidance. The duty of every statesman now is not to consume his time in the effort to self-aggrandize, but to study the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be. If this be the duty of every statesman, every man should be a statesman. Every man of the State cannot frame and enact laws, but he should be able to contribute something to those who do, and in his contributing he should take care that it be something that will enable the legislator to frame the laws that will make it easy for men to do right and hard for them all to do wrong. Let the young man adopt such ideals that no legislator dare gainsay, and the nations will become great indeed.

Laws we must have in order to hold together what has been achieved, and in order that what is to come may be better appreciated. The majority of men are buoyed up by laws. They are not on their moral elevation by spontaneous principles. Take away the laws that placed them where they are, and they will sink to the level of the beasts of the field. What would happen if the laws dealing with the bigamist were to-morrow abrogated? Polygamy would, in less than a week, become universal. Thousands of men are now attached to wives because the laws of the land decree that a man cannot divide his love, and because legislators in their wisdom have seen the effect of the abominations resulting from the laws that existed at the time of David and King Henry VIII. Our property is now secure because

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laws have been enacted to deal with those whose pillaging proclivities have not been entirely stamped out. Our persons are no longer subjected to the indignities that characterized early ages, because the laws have forced men to recognize the sacredness of human life. We now find ourselves in the midst of a labyrinth of laws, each one having been enacted to serve our interests and to prevent our receding from a standard that has not been set too high. Now, if young men to-day are not able to enter the legislative halls and enact laws that will still further improve the race by their enforcing, they can at least remember and regard with deference those that are in force, and take advantage of every opportunity to make their existence known to others, whether it be in the forum or in the market-place. If a young man has no natural-born ability for expatiating upon public questions before an audience, he is not discharging his duty to his country by refusing to learn the way. It is a sin of a blackened type for young men living in this age of books and literature to be ignorant and unable to understand their country's affairs. He who refuses to so conduct himself as to know nothing about the times in which he lives is not deserving of the protection that the laws of his country afford him. While Henry Clay was working as a poor boy in the fields of Virginia his thoughts were away in the halls of Congress; and as weeds were chopped down with his hoe, his opponents in his mind were simultaneously hurled down with his arguments. Recognizing the duty he owed to his country, he devoutly applied himself

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to the task of becoming acquainted with her welfare. The midnight oil was burned while he pondered over those studies that are essential to every man's success; but reward came at last, and time permitted him to stand in the very place that had been the ambition of his boyhood days, and perhaps allowed him to more than realize his hopes of being able to suppress by his eloquent tongue the evil deeds of those who flocked to Congress as the representatives of the people's interests. The mere mention of the name of Henry Clay is now sufficient to cause an American audience to rise and shout for joy; whereas that same audience would be justified in receiving the name with groans and hisses if Henry Clay had decided to be merely a chopper of weeds. Nor has the name of Daniel Webster lost its electrifying qualities. What sublimity crowned his efforts! What a vastness of resource was his! How masterfully he controlled the emotions of men! With what majesty did he create sympathy in the hearts that had never known sympathy. Yet all this power was due to his unswerving attachment to the studies that ultimately made him the father of American orators and statesmen. Then there is a Mirabeau, towering head and shoulders above all the Frenchmen of his day. Well might the statesman recoil affrighted before the gigantic works accomplished by this man during the two years of his parliamentary life. Nothing for him was too great, nothing too simple. His massive intellect unravelled with the greatest ease the most complicated difficulties. He maintained a correspondence with the whole of France,

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and at the same time conversed, read, declaimed, dictated, listened, and debated all the questions of the hour. Morning sessions, evening sessions, newspaper controversies, elaborate discourses, motions, replies, addresses, committee business, and all other incidental details attendant upon so great a man's life, were to this man of herculean calibre neither fatiguing nor distasteful. If we go to this intellectual giant and ask of him the secret of such marvellous feats, will he point us to early days of reckless dissipation, when no time was given to the study of great books and men, or will he point us to the days when his brain was reeking with perspiration in the attempt to overcome obstacles and master methods, that he might be of some use in his country's cause? Every great man had to worship at the shrine of study. Our present system of laws does not indicate that the legislators in days gone by were very seriously afflicted with mental paralysis. They betray, rather, the marks of toil, of brain exertion. This must always be. A sorry day it will be for any nation when she has to trust her case to the care of poverty-stricken minds. Work will do the work, and it is man's business here below to work, so that there may be no possibility of his hearing the words, "Why stand ye here idle all the day long?" Surely it was the recognition of this fact that enabled Arkwright, the barber, to become the world-famed Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny; Jonson, the common bricklayer, to become Ben Jonson, the famous dramatist; Heyne, the poor German weaver, to become one

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of the greatest classical scholars. With what strenuousness Demosthenes must have applied himself that he might overcome those impediments that were in his paths of advance! Recognizing the benefits to be derived from a perfect mastery of his native language, he bound himself to the task of copying five times over in succession Thucydides' "History of the Peloponnesian War." But of what use is a language to a man with a stammering tongue? The dauntless Greek determined to break down the barriers that nature had erected; and to overcome the stammer we see him standing by the sea shore, amid the noise of boisterous waves, declaiming with pebbles in his mouth, and watch him gradually climb to the highest realms of oratorical fame, until his name becomes enshrined within every Athenian heart, and men move to place a crown of gold upon his head. Mrs. Balfour tells the story that on one occasion Richard Burke was found in a reverie after the stars of genius in Parliament had been shining forth in all their splendor when dealing with some important question. Being questioned by a friend as to the cause of such deep meditation, Richard replied, "I have been thinking how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of his family; but then, again, I remember when we were at play he was always at work." How nicely does this interpret the position of thousands to-day! While one man through exertion is bumping his head against the stars, his brother through indolence is sinking up to his ears in mud. An adjustment is sadly needed, but not one that would give us all Edmunds and no



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Richards, for since we admire the sun and its heat, it would scarcely be to our advantage to have all suns, and no Jupiters, Mars or Saturns. The smaller planets may perform their revolutions around the larger ones, and no harm is done; it may even be that the smaller ones can impart some of their brilliancy to that of the larger ones and thus contribute to a glorious effect. But in human nature this law does not apply. A man sunk deep in the mire has no light to reflect, nothing by which the brightness of bright men may be augmented; he is as helpless to the human race as is a locomotive without steam. What the nation needs is some system whereby every man could be made of some help to another and thus prevent the drifting of so much dead wood. Such a system it is possible to have, and national life will not reach its ideal stages until that system has been inculcated into her codes. Then let the young men arise and commence the work of infusing into the youth of the land the spirit to work in their country's cause. Let them in so doing take courage from what has already been accomplished by those who felt the weight of conscientious burdens resting heavily upon them, and who did so much to hand down to this generation a heritage a little better than that which they received. What thrilling stories of sacrifice in the nation's interest the pages of history can tell! What a galaxy of men have bent low beneath the weight of the country's standard, all because they responded to the call of duty to be standard-bearers! Ease and luxury might have been theirs, but they chose the pathways to which their

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consciences pointed. There is a Richard Cobden, the Manchester cotton-spinner, strenuously climbing the ladder of commercial prosperity until his feet stand on the top rung. From that altitude he looked down upon those who had been unable to climb, and his sympathies went out towards them. To understand the disease that was eating away the happiness of his brother men he delved into the depths of political economy in quest of a remedy that would give life and vigor to a half-deadened populace. Throughout the length and breadth of the land he went about as one who had abandoned all interests save those of a depressed people. Denouncing the Corn Laws as infamous and those who introduced them as monsters incarnate, he succeeded in persuading Parliament that nothing short of the abolition of those laws would suffice to reinstate the Goddess of Joy that had been so ruthlessly wrenched from her throne in many a home. Nor was John Bright in any sense less interested and concerned about the welfare of his people and country. As these two great men joined hands the poor people of England could see that the poverty of their situation had been observed by those well able to improve it; and to-day there is an honest and an honorable inclination on the part of some classes in England to look upon Cobden and Bright as do the Greeks on Achilles of old. Then in this day there is a Chamberlain, who, although having reached the limit of man's allotted age and well deserving of a rest before the trump sounds, is seen at the head of one of the greatest agitations that politicians were ever

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called upon to consider. His desire for the betterment of his fellow men is just as honest as were those of Cobden and Bright. He sees that mighty changes have been wrought since the days of the introduction into the commercial code of a free trade policy; that other nations have been progressing by the adherence to a policy the adoption of which in England, pessimists declared, would result in commercial ruin; that hostile tariffs are being made to operate against Britain's products in foreign countries, while from those very countries goods in unlimited quantities can enter the British market free from taxation. This state of affairs has been sufficient to cause Mr. Chamberlain to forego the ease to which a man who has been actively engaged for thirty years in his country's cause is justly entitled, and to attempt to once more set on a prosperous basis those trades and industries which have become so shamefully impaired by the inroads made upon them by unfair foreign competition, and if possible to give the workmen of his country a fair chance in life. When matters of such importance are engaging the attention of those men who have empires in their brains, it is not the time for lesser men to sleep. It is not possible for every man to be a Gladstone or a Chamberlain, any more than it is possible for every man to be a general or an admiral; but every man must recognize his dependence upon others and the dependence of others upon him. Napoleon at Waterloo would have been worse than a nonentity had he had no army of men behind him; and the soldiers of the opposing forces

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would have been as helpless as butterflies blown out to sea if there had been no Wellington at the head to shout, "Boys, we must not be beaten." When the Creator sent this old earth spinning through space the idea of life was incorporated in the speed, doubtless, for the purpose of implying that uniformity must exist, and that activity must characterize every atom of progressive creation. What, then, must be said of a young man who defiantly closes his eyes to the purposes of the Creator and wilfully refuses to allow life and activity to govern him? It must be admitted, however, that there are cases not a few in which it is well-nigh impossible for any young man to give much time to the consideration of his country's doings. The wheels of fortune do not always turn in every man's favor; and, consequently, many men are called upon to live out their miserable existences in environments that do not conduce to the cultivation of national spirit. Yet when we look around us and see on every hand the results of the forces that are being operated in order to bring about a better mode of living, is it not enough to cause the alarmists to cry out when a man has reached his thirtieth year without having contributed his smallest effort in the interests of his country, even though it be in distributing leaflets at a municipal campaign? It is far easier for a man to shake off the shackles of servitude to-day than it was for men a decade ago. Knowledge brings advancement, and advancement will free those in bonds.

What an inspiring sight is the life of David

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Livingstone! Surely it was in him that the duties to God, self, home and country were grandly combined. Look at him in that little Scotch home at Blantyre, seated at the fireside by his godly mother and father, anxiously waiting for the time to come when he shall step forth into a realm of usefulness. He might have chosen a life of self-contentedness, but his heart yearned within him for something nobler. When but ten years of age this child of poverty was put to work in a factory. At six o'clock every morning he was at his work, and even when the darkness of evening had fallen he was still standing by his loom. But a wonderful evolution was taking place in the mind of that boy. His eyes were on the threads before him, but his mind's eye was scanning the universe that was to mean so much to him. With his first hard-earned half-crown he purchased a Latin grammar, not that he might study it only during his leisure moments, but that he might fasten it to the framework of his wheel before him and snatch a noun here and a verb there. On and on he struggled against great odds, yet he mastered his Horace, his Virgil, and his Cicero. History, politics, literature, medicine, and all branches of science were his special mental food, until he became so well possessed of an education that he was impelled to seek an outlet for it. One evening he entered his home to break the news to his parents that a steamer was sailing almost immediately that was to carry as a passenger one who little expected to become the saviour of South Africa. After a long night with father and mother the morning came, and after a

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sad parting on the hilltop near by the son commenced his walk to Glasgow, whence he was to embark for the Dark Continent that was crying aloud for the light of civilization. What a future lay before this young man of twenty-five years! Well might we ask if he would have shrunk from the task had all the experiences that were to be his been recorded in great letters across the deck of that steamer. His life has been written and read by thousands of admiring men and women, but God and Livingstone alone know what he endured. We read of his being attacked by a savage lion, and it sounds so horrible. We try to picture in our minds the beast springing from his lair upon a helpless victim, and can almost hear the crunching of the bones and the shrill cries of pain as the flesh and muscles are torn into shreds. And though we see the infuriated animal drop dead, though we look with sympathy upon him whose arm has been crushed and lacerated, still we feel no pain, no weakness through loss of blood. How exciting it all seems to read of his being thrown from a raft, made with his own hands, by a hippopotamus into the river! How horrible to be bitten by serpents; to be attacked by armed savages who have never before set eyes on a white man; to suffer during two years from twenty-seven attacks of African fever; to travel three hundred miles through swampy ground that discharges life-destroying gases; to be mistaken for a slave-driver and come near being battered into a pulp with war-clubs; to not wear anything but wet garments for months at a time; to be away in the wild places of

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the earth, where no sounds are heard but the shrieks of tigers, panthers and hyenas. To sit by the cosy fireside while the wind howls around the corners of the house and read of such exploits provides many an hour of strange and awful reading. But the fireside is not always the place where sympathy is engendered. Very few after reading of such experiences would be willing to change places with the hero. But Livingstone went through it all without a murmur, for it was—

“His not to make reply,  
His not to reason why,  
His but to do and die.”

It was all because he was aroused to the needs of the human race that his name is inseparably connected with the opening up of Africa. Duty spurred him on to supply the Geological Society with facts such as it never dreamed of. By his undaunted efforts in exploring unknown territory the Geographical Society was placed under an obligation to him from which it will never be relieved. Is it any wonder that after enduring so much in his country's cause that he should find, when returning to his native land for a little rest, that he was the man to whom all the statesmen, scientists, orators and merchants were prepared to do homage? He stayed long enough at his old home in Scotland to write his “Missionary Travels,” but his heart was again longing to respond to the pitiable calls that were sounding in his ears from that Dark Continent. So with a halo of glory and fame around his head he

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returned to the land that could ill afford to be without him. What noble efforts were those of his when hurling himself against the traffic in human flesh! Apart from the inhumanity and the abomination of such a practice, he knew that no country could progress so long as she attached to her skirts a population of slaves.

If ever there was a second John the Baptist sent to earth to proclaim, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," surely that man was David Livingstone. The privation and exposure of twenty-five years began to tax his strength, and he was called upon to make ready for his last journey, that was not to be through a jungle or across marshy land, but along a road that a host of angels had been perfuming and making pleasant of advance. Becoming so weak, he could take nothing but goat's milk to hold body and soul together. But some wretch stole his goats, and his means of sustenance was gone, which accounts for his writing in his diary on New Year's Day, 1838: "Took up my belt three holes to relieve hunger." Later on we find an entry which reads: "I am very weak from bleeding through a vein that keeps breaking and saps away my strength." The last words in his journal were: "All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English or Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." It was on a miserable afternoon that a rude hut had to be hastily constructed that a great man might not breathe his last in a drenching rain. Two servants entering later found Livingstone kneeling with his



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head buried in his hands upon a pillow. But the soul had taken its flight through the skies, and no mortal was near at the time to offer one word of cheer.

"No mother, no brother, no sister dear,  
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer ;  
Not a watching eye, or a pitying tear,  
When Livingstone went away."

His heart was buried at the base of a great tree in Africa, and faithful servants conveyed the remains to England, where grief was at its highest over a brave and noble son. Now, as men pass through Westminster Abbey and notice the black slab beneath which rest the bones that once knew no rest, they halt in reverence and adoration, while into their minds there steals the image of one sacrificing all worldly comforts in order to dispel the darkness and to carry the light of civilization with him wherever he goes. The two paths from which Livingstone had to choose are still open ; the one that represented duty has been made far more pleasant, and the one that represented negligence has become more detestable. Every man cannot reach a seat in the legislative halls, but he should be able to reach forward and perform some small task which would rescue him from oblivion and contempt. When Lord Nelson decorated his ship with flags that signalled the words, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," he was not aware that those words were destined to everlasting remembrance and to be appropriated by every nation, both in times of

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peace and in times of war. But it is often the unconscious acts of a man's life that become immortal. If the young men of to-day are to fight the battles of to-morrow preparation must not be delayed, for woe unto that country which, when weighed in the balance, is found wanting in young men. Let there, then, on the part of every young man be a stampede from the ranks of indolence and unconcern and a rush towards that happy state which shall enable him when crossing the border land to use the last words of Nelson: "Thank God, I have done my duty."

7

" As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light.  
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
And bear its beauties from its native wood,  
Exposed abroad, its languid colors fly,  
Its form decays, and all its odors die ;  
So woman, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great ;  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm ;  
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own."

—*Hannah Moore.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### *THE DAUGHTER.*

THOUGH man by his ingenuity has been for ages subduing the forces of nature and harnessing them that they might become the handmaidens of industry; though he has been travelling through the thickets of ignorance until he now stands upon a lofty plane from which he can view the rugged pathway over which he wandered; though he is at this late date just becoming able to carry out the first Divine command, "To have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," yet he has fallen far short of being able to place a true value upon her who was given as a helpmeet for him. Our thoughts lead us back across the bridge of history that spans the Gulf of Time that we may see woman in her primitive state. Whether she was formed from a rib taken from man, or whether she evolved from the scientists' protoplasm, is a question that will never fail to supply a debatable topic for seers and sages. Woman was what she is not. The leaves of trees alone sufficed to hide her nakedness. No marriage rite was required before all secrets between her and her companion should be made known. There were at that time no silver-tongued

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orators to declaim upon the sanctity of womanhood, no earthly counsellors to guide the erring ones into paths of purity. The only guide that woman had was conscience, and a poor one at that. Man could offer no help, for he was just as helpless as woman. Together they roamed about among the trees and shrubs, feeding on berries and insects. Together they lay down at night-time near the trunk of an oak, and the wild animals passed them by thinking them to be of their kingdom. Together they rose in the morning to search for more berries. As children were born no F.R.C.S. man was needed to render his skilful aid; no undertaker was called in to bury the dead. Nature supplied all the requisites. Yet woman, upon whom the burdens of the human race have since been quick to fall, survived her many battles and inhuman trials, and to-day can safely stand forth and hurl into the very teeth of her opposite sex her declaration that she has been the perpetuator of the races and the progenitor of all human-kind. She gave her body and her life for a noble purpose, and the results of her vitality are now seen from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth. It was pleasing for man to hand her the cup containing the bitters, but she drank them to the very dregs. She could have refused to drink, but she knew that God's command to her—to replenish the earth—was not given jestingly, but for a purpose that was to be sacredly fulfilled.

In what a host of blessed thoughts is that word daughter enshrouded! So different from those of son. For the girl in the home circle is always loved

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for what she is, but the boy for what he promises to be. The daughter of the home has silently acquired unto herself a name so full of meaning that language falls prostrate when attempting to express it. Gradually she has been scaling the heights, while in the meantime she has halted here and there to acknowledge the cheers of her opposite and admiring sex below her. If the home circle is to-day characterized by the blessings of happiness, it is because the daughters of Eve decreed that it should be so. The refinement of this age can be traced back to cause, and in doing so we pass by man and stop at woman, for it was she who taught man a refinement he could never have known otherwise. He can build ships without the supervision of woman; he can lay railroads without her help; he can bore tunnels through mountain ranges alone; but when it comes to the building of a character and to the cultivation of that which is pure and noble, woman is his indispensable requisite. His thoughts have a tendency to gravitate earthward when in the presence of his own sex, but when in the presence of a woman, upon whom nature has smiled most generously, his thoughts begin to rise until they reach a height and reveal themselves in his every walk of life. For this man has been most unthankful, and even to-day some men have so little conception of the intrinsic value of their daughters as to arouse in the minds of better men the wonder that home life holds its ground so well amid such uninviting surroundings. The daughter's position in life is most unique. The father needs her caress, the

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mother her kiss, the sister her company, the brother her smile, and the whole world the influence of her purity. In order to meet such requirements the daughter is called upon to put forth some mighty efforts. Her moments must not be idle, her life must be one of worthy toil, for great responsibilities rest upon her. To put the question, "How are you living?" to a girl is by no means a question of slender significance. No one living would have a keener faculty to detect its latent meaning than the daughter, for of all mortals she is the most susceptible to all that is searching. To her the most obscure question becomes radiant. During Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well He said unto her, "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." A cutting command, and the woman saw the depth of it, for her sharp reply was, "I have no husband." But she did not say that she had had five husbands, and that he whom she then had was not her husband. Her guilt forced her to say what she said, and there was no need to say any more. The world is not yet free of women from Samaria; still there are cities called Sychar that have wells where are often seen the outcasts of society. The duty that has been imposed upon the daughters of this age is one that they should hasten to discharge, viz., the recovering of the lost and the prevention of further depravity. For this work woman has been most admirably fitted. True it is, the pages of history are brilliant with the records of the deeds that have been performed by man in this respect, but when compared with the works of woman the brilliancy of man's work is

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greatly compromised. So brave has woman been in her exploits, so untiring in her enterprises, so devoted to the work to which the dictator of conscience assigned her, that as man is permitted to enter the presence of one upon whom the smile of God has rested, he would do well to halt and listen to the command, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Woman was given as a helpmeet for man, but he will never be able to tell how well she has fulfilled her function; God alone can do that. It is woman's glory to be the helper of men, and in this work she should not be restrained. Long years ago St. Paul wrote to Timothy and said: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection; but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."\* If St. Paul were living to-day and wrote anything half as sweeping as that, he would have to flee for his life. He wrote to suit his times, when the women of Greece and other Asiatic countries were not the fit persons to assume authority. But since those days there has been a moral evolution, and the teaching of St. Paul in that respect is no longer advice. If woman had followed such advice, had refused to mount the hustings to proclaim the blessings of virtue and denounce the deformity of vice, this old world would be Sodom and Gomorrah from end to end. War has done much to push civilization forward, and who can estimate the value of Joan of Arc to France.

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\* 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.



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By refusing to keep silent she inspired by her eloquent words ten thousand men with faith in her Divine mission, and marched at the very head of them until victory perched upon her banners. And though at last she was overtaken by defeat, yet her defeat was but another form of victory, for as the Frenchmen turn their eyes towards the market-place at Rouen and see there a girl twenty-eight years of age bravely meeting death upon a pile of burning fagots, their patriotic blood courses swiftly through their veins, while they make resolutions that a woman's bravery shall spur them on to greater deeds of valor. What lessons, also, can be learnt from the French Revolution, that has made the eighteenth century appear on the scene with blood-soaked garments. During that unparalleled historical event a woman plays a prominent part. Horrified by the Jacobin atrocities that were being committed by her opposite relentless sex on every hand, she determined to seek out the man whose death she thought would bring peace and happiness within her country's borders. We then see Charlotte Corday, with her concealed weapon, gain an entrance into the room of Jean Paul Marat, and with one sure stroke plunge her knife into the heart of her victim. When questioned as to her motive for such an act she did not keep silence, but with all her womanly courage announced: "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country." Frenchmen may now listen, and during the silence they may hear the distant rattle of the executioner's cart, on which is seated a young

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damsel, twenty-four years of age, dressed in the red smock of a murderess, journeying to a death that is the reward of an act conscientiously done in the interests of an abused people. And as the severed head of Charlotte Corday is held up by the callous executioner before the eyes of a curious crowd, there seems to go forth the sound of a voice that says, "Day of the preparation of peace." Such acts convey with them an odor of repulsiveness, but they also carry with them the stigma of a desire to improve distressed conditions. We cannot always admire the acts that the feelings of men oftentimes prompt them to commit; but our admiration must not be withheld when a heart throbs heavily for a cause that is good.

John Howard is permitted to stand wherever he chooses to denounce the filthiness of prisons and plead for better sanitary conditions. If an Elizabeth Fry can do likewise, is there any reason to show why she shall keep silence and never allow her name to become endeared to those who admire the work of godly women? Let the gates that open into the fields in which are encamped the Satanic hosts be now thrown back to admit without discrimination all those willing to enter a fight in a holy cause. Too often the mothers of Salem have been bidden to depart by those who should have encouraged them. Too many have strained their voices by shouting "Hold your peace!" instead of strengthening them to proclaim, "Arise, go forth to conquer!" The victims of lethargy should now listen to a war-song, not a lullaby. We have good cause to be thankful

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that an era of broad-mindedness has been ushered in. If the minds of mankind and womankind were to-day formed and fashioned according to the pattern used two centuries ago, this age would be just two centuries behind time. It may be that we are not so far advanced as we ought to be; and if such be the case, it is because there has been too strong a tendency in times gone by on the part of many to prefer to allow their minds to suffer from inertia rather than kindle the fires of a zealous activity for fear of irreverency. In that respect we may safely argue that a little irreverency will be gladly overlooked, if it be committed during the heated hours of earnestness in a worthy cause.

A good deal of fanning has been required to keep the flame of Christianity from flickering out. The fanning has not been done by men alone. We shrink from thinking of the wretchedness that would be here if woman had not joined in the fight against that which was evil. She has broken many precious boxes of ointment to promote the influence of that which is good, and when so doing she has not been unattended by those of the other sex who are ever willing to cry out, "Oh, what waste!" The merchants of Venice and the rich Jews from Rome and Alexandria may flock in all their pomp to cast into the treasury of the Temple their glittering gold, but down the same aisle, and treading on the same stones, an old lady totters towards the receptacle and casts in her two mites, which represent more than all the rich men's gifts. Man during his many and varied exploits has exhibited wonderful bravery; he has

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startled many an age by his daring and by his victories. But has woman been less brave? Hers, perhaps, has been a different kind of daring, but, oh, what marvellous victories belong to her! Man with his axe has hewn a pathway through a forest of trees and cultivated a barren land. Woman with her Divine endowments has hewn a pathway through the forests of heathenism and opened up a way for civilization. China and Japan, with all their dangers, have been the countries to which woman's sympathetic eyes have been turned. To-day more than one-third of the missionary force in foreign fields is composed of godly women. What a noble band of workers! What self-sacrifice! What self-denial! These women are carrying the torches of Christianity into places that resound with their death knells. These messengers of peace and gladness are on missions of mercy that will never be forgotten. The name of Robert Moffat goes with South Africa as heat goes with fire. But who can mention the name of that devoted missionary without thinking also of that godly wife of his? There, far away from parents and relatives, in the midst of a black and savage people, this angel sent from heaven toiled unceasingly with her husband in the interests of those who were calling aloud to be helped from nature's darkness into the most marvellous light. And now, when the roll of Africa's heroes and heroines is called, the names of Robert Moffat and wife evoke the plaudits of the civilized world. God be thanked for the daughters of men. The American traveller, John Ledyard, once wrote: "I have

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observed that women in all countries are civil, tender, obliging and humane. I never addressed myself to them, in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, cold, dry, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so. And to add to this virtue—so worthy the appellation of benevolence—these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish." Ledyard found woman in her right sphere, and also found that nobody but woman could fill the place she filled. Little wonder that Sir Walter Scott broke forth into verse when thus contemplating woman, and said:

"O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

Our libraries to-day contain much unexcelled literature that came from the most debased minds. We refuse to part with it, for it is our mind's food and nourishment. Can we afford to drive out of existence the works of Shakespeare and rid our

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minds of those wonderful pictures that have been woven into their very warp and woof? Yet those pictures are the emanations of a mind of a drunken comedian. Some of the sweetest and most sublime verses came from the pen of that despicable and social debauchee, Lord Byron. The songs of Burns will live a long life, and they well deserve to, yet while those songs were being put on paper the author's brain was being seared by vice and crime, and at the age of thirty-seven he was no longer fit for this earth, so he quit it, and left his wife and family in poverty. The name of Thomas De Quincey will for ever be associated with some of the best thoughts that man can cherish, and it seems strange that such an opium fiend and immoral wretch could have controlled sufficient brain matter to produce such thoughts. It was this man who once wrote: "Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you can create yourselves into any of these grand creators, why have you not?" It was most unfair for De Quincey to look at such a subject so one-sidedly. Why cannot one argue

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thus: "Man, brother! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your sister, woman; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great lover of mankind from your ranks, such a one as Florence Nightingale, or as Frances Willard, or as Grace Darling. If you can create yourselves into any of these grand lovers, why have you not?" No man has any right to take woman out of her sphere in order to estimate her value any more than he has to take man out of his sphere. We have such confidence in the wisdom of the Creator that we believe the moon would not perform her functions so well were she removed to another part of the starry universe. The sun also seems to be so placed as to give the greatest amount of satisfaction to the largest number of people. When man commences to rearrange and change the location of creation he attempts a task that is fraught with danger and perplexity. God did not intend woman to exist outside of the circle He described for her, any more than He intended fish to live out of water. Many of the troubles of the past ages were brought about by some ingenious minds thinking that a redistribution of created matter would be in the interests of creation. But a greater mistake was never made. All forms of life will naturally tend toward those places and conditions in which life will be best preserved. Fur-bearing animals wandered towards the north instinctively, because tropical regions were unsuited for them. Camels are not found on the snows of Lapland, nor are reindeer to be seen on the sandy deserts of Africa.

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Nature has made wonderful provision for the sustenance of each life, provided her dictates are observed. Hence it has been decreed that the hippopotamus and the crocodile shall leave the places to which nature assigned them only at the risk of their own lives. The work of man now is not to consider whether this or that form of life will thrive better in another location, but to consider how it may better thrive where it is, since no other place is better suited for it. The circle that has been described for woman to live in is one of great dimensions. It touches every edge of humanity, and within its limits are confined duties that woman alone can discharge. A mistaken idea has been gaining ground in the minds of too many that the daughter's aim should be to seek out for herself a husband and live solely to satisfy him. It was surely never intended that the girl's only object during her young life should be to make herself appear attractive to some equally attractive young man, and then seek to have the finger fettered with a gold band of wedlock! But, alas! the Goddess of Vanity has succeeded in establishing her shrine in many a circle, and a band of pilgrims is ever on its way to worship there. Nowhere is that state of affairs more noticeable than in the United States. So lax are becoming the morals of life in that country that a woman's act of imprudence is far too slow in assuming an ugliness in proportion to its nature. The higher duties of life are being looked upon as being incompatible with "up-to-date" society. Marriage vows are losing much of their sacredness and are



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being made more useful as expedients. In fact, the marriage and divorce problems have become so serious in America that the would-be reformers are almost at the extremity of their powers to submit solutions for so grave a situation. One proposal has recently been advanced by a lady of much social prominence as being thought efficacious. The proposal is that there should be trial marriages for at least five years, and at the end of that time, if the marriage be not characterized by pleasantness, all relatives, including the possible sons and daughters, may be relinquished. What a revolting proposal! Surely the disease has reached a critical stage when such a remedy is suggested. Medical men turn to morphine and chloroform as last resorts, and the application of these drugs has to be most precise or life would soon be made extinct. The marriage question is bad enough now, but the proposed remedy of trial marriages would be as an overdose of some narcotic drug. There are thousands in the United States to-day who are unable to trace their parentage, and who can tell what would be the result if marriage ties were dissolved at the end of five years and the children of such marriages sent broadcast through the land? A country with eighty millions of people, and whose population is increasing at the rate of one million per year, cannot afford to risk its national life by allowing the society circle to emit its vile and nauseating fumes. Woman's greatest wealth and beauty consist in her purity of character. Yet the American woman, at the expense of purity of character, is gaining for herself a reputa-

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tion that stigmatizes her as the victim of "the pace that kills." In the pursuit of pleasure she is seen tossing her haughty head high into an air charged with virtue-wrecking elements and her desire to become the belle of some city, town, or hamlet knows no abatement. Gladly she seems to don the robe that characterizes her as the butterfly of fashion, and with a conscience that has been so numbed as to feel no pain, she enters a sacred place without a blush. We overlook the indiscretions of pagan people upon whom the rays of the light of civilization have not yet fallen. But what can we say of those wilful violations of the laws governing a people who have long been looked upon as belonging to a nation that might well be able to lead in the world's onward march? If Christopher Columbus had not discovered America in 1492, somebody would have done so before five centuries had passed away. But if that great king of the sea could have looked far enough into the future to see the conditions extant in the twentieth century, he might have been pardoned had he hesitated to have his name associated with that of a country which was doomed to record so much unpleasant social history. The Goddess of Purity has been shamefully dethroned, and in her place, and amid much lauding, has been set up the very embodiment of ignominy. There was a time when Venice, Rome, and Greece could boast as being powers in the land, but during the hour of their prosperity they allowed prostitution, libertinism, and wantonness to creep in until these baneful forces caused those historical places

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to fall from eminence into the depths of darkness and ruin. And those abominable and destructive qualities are now gnawing and threatening the very foundations of life in America, and unless a halt be called to those working such destruction, depend upon it the American fabric will tumble with a crash, and the sound of its awful fall will be heard throughout many centuries. Crime used to be a sin, but it is now being raised to the dignity of a virtue. Never were the propagators of vice more leniently dealt with than they are to-day. During the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 there were in the United States 271 persons indicted for murder, of whom 63 were convicted and 13 put to death. Such an application of the law cannot be without effect, and the effect is seen in the way in which perpetrators of crime pursue their ends. What an awful state of affairs would be revealed if one were to inquire into the secrets of an American city! Much is revealed without enquiry. So prolific have some secret crimes become that they appear on the surface like dust on oil. The morality of some cities has reached its most deplorable depths, and the sanctity of womanhood has well-nigh become a thing of the past. Shameful, indeed, does it sound to hear that in the city of New York there are 40,000 females surrendering their bodies to be sacrificed on the altar of lust. Chicago also delivers to the same fiend 30,000. A minister of the gospel in Philadelphia once wrote to a paper as follows: "As many as 5,000 women live among us by the sale of their bodies. I wish I might have confidence that the

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estimate is too high, but nearly six years of observation make me feel that the figures are too low." Other large cities, such as Pittsburg and San Francisco, send forth their echoes of shame and depravity. When one reflects that the obtainable figures represent only those known as "professionals," the horror is intensified when to those figures must be added the number of those who conduct their life-destroying business behind sealed hoardings. Instead of the brothels being decorated as the dwelling houses of some innocent citizens, the word "Ichabod" should be carved into every brick and board, for surely all glory has departed. What an awful force must have been arrayed to bring about such degradation. The devil's toilers have not been idle; on every hand they have set their traps and smiled contemptuously on every victim. A lady of Chicago once addressed a audience in Baltimore, and on that occasion said: "I stand here in the presence of God to say that of the 230,000 erring girls in America, three-fourths of them have been snared and trapped, bought and sold." May God have mercy on the souls of those who laid the snares and set the traps! The time must come for a change to take place, or of America it will continue to be said that "her house has been left unto her desolate and her children have gone mourning through the street." Crime will not always strut along the highway in legalized and organized form. A withering wind will smite it at some unexpected turn, and severe will be the battle to decide the victor. God grant that the withering wind in America may soon

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begin to blow. Every country has its social problems to deal with, but some have more than others. Some countries are blessed by having a larger proportion of Christians than others, and from such countries must emanate the principles to influence less Christian countries for good. The burden of improvement is imposed upon every individual, and if there is one more than another that needs to recognize this duty, surely it is the daughter. It lies within her power to infuse into life all that is sweet and ennobling. And it also lies within her power to infuse into life all that is sour and ignoble. Would any harm, then, be done if every girl were to stay a moment and ask herself the question, in all seriousness, "How am I living?" It is a question that may bring a blush of shame to a pale cheek, or it may be answered satisfactorily in the presence of God without a twitch of the conscience. What an outburst of gladness there is in a civilized home when the first daughter arrives upon the scene to make things happy. It is not so in some countries. In China the arrival of a baby girl is regarded as punishment, and the poor helpless creatures are thrown out upon the streets, or stuffed with a score of others into some receptacle reserved for the purpose of receiving those children whom the parents are anxious to forsake. The daughters that are retained are subjected to the most cruel practices, such as foot-binding, etc., and one often feels that the girls of China would have fared better had they at birth been assigned to the "Baby Tower." But when a girl arrives to bless those of a Christian home

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who know how to appreciate a heaven-sent blessing, it is received with thankful hearts, and the wonder is that some baby girls are not caressed and kissed out of existence by the over-admiring crowd. It is only natural that it should be so, for when the eyes of one open upon a people upon whom she is to smile and cast her affections, it is the time to lay aside the gloomy *Miserere* and sing with vigor a *Jubilate*. But, alas, how short-lived is this jubilation in many, many cases! The promising bud opens with all its beauty into a charming flower, but the chilling and biting winds of a coarse world soon smite it, and it withers and dies before it has an opportunity to exhale its life-giving breath. By universal consent the fully developed girl has been looked upon as the most perfect type of beauty this earth possesses. The Creator had a purpose in view when He gave to her that delicacy of movement, that symmetry of feature, and that expression of exquisite beauty which no artist has yet succeeded in properly depicting. Does it, then, become any girl to ignore that purpose and live as though there were no plan or purpose in the universe? It remains for every girl to awaken to a sense of duty, to recognize every law, and to obey every command. She must arm herself to fight successfully the battles that must be fought; and there is no girl but what finds herself at some time in the bitterest of conflicts. A bridle has not yet been put on the demon of unchastity, nor has vice been precluded from entering the most sacred of places. On every hand the girl of to-day is being assailed by a thousand vicious forces.

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The serpent, with his deadly sting, has crept into the factory, and the innocent girls who work there all day beside him run risks that make the blood run cold. The office has also become tainted with a smell from the lower regions, and those girls who started out with the healthy bloom of chastity upon their cheeks soon become the objects of pity and compassion. Commercialism has now become so pronounced that girls are leaving the home nests before they are able to understand the meaning thereof. For a mere pittance girls will allow themselves to enter the factory and the workshop in order that they may be better able to keep pace with the fashions of the times, and in so doing rob all their finer natures of their charm and beauty. There is nothing degrading about honest work; it is an edifying vocation, and happy should all they be who are enabled by health to engage in it. But work is abused when persons use it as a medium by which to gratify a few selfish and contemptible desires. A girl would derive infinitely more good by staying at home and preparing herself for future household duties than by seeking some commercial calling from a pecuniary and selfish standpoint only. Girls must not make the mistake of thinking that they are entitled to take their places beside their brothers in this world of commerce. That their duties in life are not the same must have been Charles Kingsley's thought when he wrote:

"Men must work, and women must weep,  
Though the storms be sudden, and the waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning."

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This does not mean that all work must be left for men and all weeping left for women, but it must surely mean that we have all been specially adapted to perform special functions. And one of the special functions of woman is to preserve and perpetuate a code of lofty morals. It is for her to repel the advances made by unprincipled wretches upon the dignity of the race. It is for her to adopt the words of King Canute, and say to all those who would make encroachments upon her character, "Thus far, and no farther." For a long time it has been said that the highest virtue of the tropics is chastity, and of colder regions, temperance. But is not chastity woman's highest virtue all the world over, whether in the torrid zone or whether in the frigid? Surely no place has a greater claim to such a virtue than another. No place more than another can safely discard it. Too oft do girls wander along ways that seem free from that which is vile, but suddenly the searchlight is turned upon the scene, and oh! what canker is revealed, what horrible germs! If the girl of to-day is to become the wife and the mother of to-morrow, what a day of preparation this ought to be! How careful should every girl be to know that upon her is to rest the awful responsibility of giving to the world someone who will either adorn or mar its history! Like produces like the world over. From a fig tree we shall gather figs and from that which is impure will emanate impurity. The girl's single life should be her schooling days, and her schooling days should by no means end before she reaches her twenty-first year, and during her term



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of learning she should not be kept ignorant concerning the things that are of vital importance to her. Ignorance never did do much good in this world, and it never will. It has been a heavy burden for the ages to bear, but, thank God, we have lost much of that burden, and we are now able to take a little quicker steps. Some of the pleasantest journeys that men have ever taken have been when in pursuit of knowledge. The pathway to them was strewn with precious gems which, when collected, were formed into a diadem to be handed down as a blessing for all ages.

Wonderful would be the blessings that would accrue to the next generation if the progenitors in this were to spend a little time on similar journeys. There is too much well-meaning and innocent ignorance among girls, and it is one of the enemies of the human race. If a girl is in doubt about any question, she ought instinctively to turn to her parents for knowledge. John Ruskin once said: "The proper confidant of a girl is her father. What she is not inclined to tell her father should be told to no one and, in nine cases out of ten, not thought of by herself." If such a rule could be universally adopted, the progress of the race would be greatly enhanced. Many a mother's heart has been broken by the waywardness of her daughter who, perhaps, had not the courage to divulge the secret that was eating away her very life. There is a sad story told of a young girl who had spent her innocent life with her parents in the country away from the sin and corrupting influences of large cities. She was so

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pure that she did not know she possessed that virtue. Across the fields and through the orchards she would skip, and all nature seemed to do homage to her as one who had kept herself unspotted from the world. But the hawks had caught a glimpse of the sparrow, and in some way she fell into the hands of this incarnation of purity a book that vividly portrayed the life and activity of the city. In some unaccountable way a germ had crept into the being of this girl and so developed as to prevent her from letting her parents know what was causing such a change in her life. The book had its effect, for one morning the girl rose to pack her trunk and bid farewell to her father and mother and to the place where her purity of character had been engendered. She left for the busy city of London, with its millions of people and its variety of crimes, and engaged herself as a domestic to a respectable family. The spider commenced to spin his web and to lie in wait for all those unprepared and unfortunate ones. He succeeded in his work, and before this girl from the country had time to understand what was taking place the poison was doing its deadly work. Slowly, but surely, the grip began to tighten, and one morning the people of the house broke open the door of her room to find that it was all over, for beside her cold and lifeless form there lay a bottle that had contained death's final draught, and on the table near by there lay a piece of paper upon which were written in the departed girl's handwriting, these words that told the sad story:

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"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell ;  
Fell like the snowflakes from Heaven to Hell.  
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street ;  
Fell to be scoffed at, spit on, and beat ;  
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy."

Sad are the ways in which the story of sin is recorded. It has been truthfully said that one-half of the world's population do not know how the other half live, which is only another way of saying that a person allows only one-half of his life to be made known. Secrecy has been labelled as a virtue, but there are times when the label belies its package, and times when discretion has no value. A great work has been assigned to this generation, and the strengthening of the moral fibre is not the least part of it, for it is a part to which the girls of the land can direct their force and attention. Let the women show that the morality of the age is a matter not to be indifferently dealt with, but a matter to be regarded as an angelic quality, and depend upon it, it will have a wholesome effect upon those of the opposite sex whose propensities are inclined towards the lower regions of thought. Can a nobler work be conceived for woman to accomplish than that of establishing perfect patterns of womanhood? A greater and a quicker cure for many of the world's ills it would be hard to find. Heaven alone would be able to rightly estimate the value of such a remedy. Queen Victoria, the record of whose illustrious reign of more than sixty years will be handed down with shouts of acclamation to all posterity, did

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more than any other woman of the nineteenth century to effect a cure by living an unblemished life. It was she who held up the golden sceptre of purity and led the way with courageous footsteps into the places where the eyes of holiness had never penetrated. No wonder the whole world burst into a spasm of grief when she responded to the call from the skies, for it was like taking away the light of the sun and leaving darkness to cover the face of the earth.

Unfortunately, the Marys, the Marthas, and the Victorias come few and slowly, but the impress of their characters remains for ever. It is chiselled into the rocks of Time, that all those who pass by may know that efforts have been made to keep the light of civilization from flickering out. But the record is there for another purpose. It is also there for the purpose of showing that the progress of the race has not been wholly a spontaneous movement, that it has required the brains and the lives of godly women to keep it moving in the right direction. What has been required is still required. Weakness has set its stamp upon the human race, and the duty imposed upon those who have been blessed with less weakness than others is to use that blessing in the interests of the weaker ones.

"There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart."

—*Hemans.*

"You know what it would be to spend one of your winter's evenings in a chamber without a fire on the hearth or a carpet on the floor ; even though the furniture were costly, and the friends congenial, nothing could impart the lacking comfort, or diffuse the wonted radiance. And in this wintry world, a tender mother's love and a pious mother's care are the carpet on the floor, and the blaze on the evening hearth. To life's latest moment they mingle in every picture of pre-eminent happiness."—*J. Hamilton.*

"Youth fades ; love droops ; the leaves of friendship fall ;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### *THE MOTHER.*

It is not the etymology of the word "mother" that has given it such a place of meaning and prominence in every language.

The Germans may say "mutter," the Russians "mati," the Dutch "moeder," and the Swedes "moder," but in no case does the variation of the word compromise the value of the object. Call the rose a thistle and it will not lose its sweetness. Give vinegar any other name and it will never be nectar. Language is often a poor medium through which man vainly struggles to express his inner feelings. He may be able to give expression to those thoughts floating on the surface, but his mind is like the ocean deep; the storms will disturb the surface waters, but beneath there is a deep, inexpressible silence. The mind feeds on the mind. And those thoughts to which man cannot give expression in correct thought-conveying terms are reserved in the mind to give it buoyancy and edification. It is well for man that such a wonderful provision has been made for the preservation of the mind's latent life. If it were possible for us to empty our minds by speech, as it is possible for an open tap to empty a cistern, what mental paupers we soon would be!

All through his literary career Samuel Johnson

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was endeavoring to fasten on paper some of the matter that lay in the depths of his mind, and yet when he finally laid down his pen his mind was still as an undiscovered land, and much was left undeveloped that other men have not since revealed. No matter how ignorant one may be of the world's classics or fiction, no matter how easily he may exhaust his stock of learning, he will, nevertheless, be the possessor of a mind in whose innermost recesses there will lurk something of a celestial character that will defy the powers of utterance.

It is in that blissful region of unutterable thought that dwells the true meaning of the word mother, and this is the reason why man has been, all through the ages, unable to tell his fellow-man the cause and the real nature of his love for his mother. To do so would be to accomplish a task of Divinity, and man has not yet been endowed with Divine power. The poet may tax his ability to the very uttermost in the attempt to express my feelings, but he soon reaches the limit of his tether, and he stands as before a great expanse of water over which he cannot throw a bridge by which he may continue his journey into an unknown land, and becomes as helpless with his brain as the little girl when she said:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell ;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

A philosopher may, by every process known to reason, endeavor to set forth the real attributes of

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a mother, but what a poverty-stricken case he makes out! The logician by his inductive and deductive methods attempts to convince us that he can explain everything in connection with the meaning of that word, but we turn from him appalled at the meagreness of his ability. A little child who has no language but that of a cry, is far better able to acquaint our minds with a meaning of that blessed word than all the poets, philosophers and logicians of the age. To think or talk of old Mother Eve, who lived in a time we know not of, as being the one who gave birth to the seed of the human race, is far from being sufficient to cause any affectionate chord to vibrate. But let the thinking and the talking deal with a more dear relation, and it as though a locomotive were suddenly switched to another track. The mother does not love her child because it cries for toys that she is glad to buy for it. She loves it because it is blood of her blood, bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. No matter how deformed may be the child, the true mother loves it with a love unspeakable. The three sweetest words of any language have been in their order called Mother, Home, and Friend. Well that the word mother was put first, for it has no other place. Shortly after Napoleon had returned from his conquest of Italy he was accosted at an entertainment by Madame de Staël, and asked by her whom he thought was the greatest woman in the world, to which he coldly replied, "She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children." It was also the same gentleman who recognized that France needed nothing



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more to promote her regeneration than good mothers. Perhaps Napoleon's words concerning the greatest woman need modifying, or at least qualifying. It cannot surely be that a woman to be great must place herself on a level with the animals. There is another and a far nobler side of her nature that needs developing. It is the revelation of the human that makes creation the worthy cynosure of all eyes. Benjamin West tells us that it was his mother's kiss that made him a painter, not the fact that he might have been one of a dozen sons. It was the piety and the womanly affection of his mother that turned Richard Cecil from infidelity to the paths of truth and life, not the fact that his mother might have made him the brother of twenty sisters. John Ballie tells a story of a little girl who once stood gazing alternately on a picture and on a marble bust of her poet-mother; the painter had shown on the canvas the sweet play of womanly affection and all that was human; the sculptor had chiselled into the marble the features that portrayed only the colder majesty of her genius. After a little contemplation the comment of the girl was, "The bust is the poetess, but the picture is all mother." It is the human heart that has made the mother's lap softer than the softest velvet, her smile lovelier than the loveliest rose. How many times pain and anguish have been subdued when the hand of a loving mother has stroked the troubled brow! In the sick chamber physicians have stepped aside to make room for the mother, who could alone administer the balm. By universal acclamation she has been placed on the

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highest pedestal, at the head of the world's healers. Love has been her only medicine and affection has been her scalpel. Lord Langdale used to say, "If the world were put into one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." But Lord Langdale had no monopoly of such sentiments. He was merely acting as a mouthpiece for you and for me. He was merely saying what the dirty street urchin, clinging to his mother's ragged skirts, could not say for want of language. The mothers have left their marks upon this generation, just as the glaciers have left their marks upon the rocks. Digging into the earth men find coal bearing signs that tell a wonderful story: how plants and ferns and leaves were once baked and pressed so that the preserved sunbeams might give heat and comfort to after generations. The admiring spectators of Niagara Falls stand and gaze awe-struck upon those maddening waters rushing down between two walls of rock that have silently submitted to be worn away by the element's soft tongue. Those old majestic ruins of Rome tell painfully how the destroying angel has been visiting that eternal city, the home of the Cæsars. Monuments in Greece remind one that Demosthenes and Pericles are no longer heard, and that Athens has ceased to be the home of persuasive eloquence. Time has been the stern observer of all change and decay, and though the passing away of orators and the crumbling of noble edifices has not been altogether a pleasing sight for him to behold, yet he has witnessed the ushering in of much change that has greatly benefited the human race.

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What more pleasing sight could old Father Time wish to see than the effects of motherly love? Behind the true mothers there have followed characters that have set the pages of history with brilliants. In their trails there have, almost unthinkingly, followed multitudes marching to higher realms of thought. A small boat can, by getting into the wake of a large steamer, be propelled along by the gradual closing in of the waters. And many a son and many a daughter has been carried into a safe harbor by getting into the wake of purity and holiness, caused by the forging ahead of a godly mother through waters of a treacherous kind. Behind one mother there follows a Garfield, declaring, "If there is any good that I can do, let me know it, for I pass this way but once." Behind another mother who early taught her children the fundamental laws of right living, there follows a John Wesley, announcing the whole world to be his parish. Ruskin, with his soothing and sympathetic words, follows behind a mother who taught her child to know the blessings contained in the Book of books. Well-nigh as numerous as the sands upon the seashore are those men and women who have acted their parts in the drama of world-healing.

What shall we say was the cause of it all? Have cathedrals and churches been erected without inspiration? Are orphan homes and other charitable institutions standing to-day as evidences of barbarism? Are towns and cities being beautified with parks and public squares in response to thoughts of animality? Why is the beautiful becoming more beau-

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tiful? Why did the enthusiastic spectators break the brushes of Michael Angelo into mementos and carry him upon their shoulders when he had completed his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel? We admire the works of architects, of builders, of sculptors, and of painters when they reveal in their productions a copy of that which is human. How came these servants of mankind to so admire the human as to incorporate it into all their best works? Was it not because the earliest impressions made upon their minds were the most effective? The seeds were sown and could not but grow, unless strong tares sprang up to choke them. Unfortunately, the tares have too often succeeded in choking much good seed that it has cost mothers no small amount of time and anxiety to sow. But we have good cause to rejoice over the victories of the healthy seed. What an eloquent testimony do the libraries bear to the fruit of the early seeds. From the time of the invention of the printing press, that roaring democrat has been kept busy in producing the records of what has been done as a result of the mothers' sowing. Shelves are bending almost to breaking beneath the weight of biographical sketches of those men and women who owe the success of their careers to the causes that had their rise at the mother's knee. From such books multitudes have derived inspiration and encouragement to pursue ends and to attempt the accomplishment of tasks that would otherwise have appeared to admit of no mortal attempt. When old age and dimness of vision had visited Robert Southey, he was seen to totter into

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his library and allow his fingers to wander sympathetically over those books that had been such a source of comfort to him "when the bloom was on the clover and the blue was in the sky." And just before he bade farewell to the world, he wished his books "Good night," hoping that on some serenest shore he would have the pleasure of saying "Good morning" to their authors. Destroy all the literature that has been the outcome of an acquaintance with the love of mothers, and we could date our year 2000 B.C. Pull down the buildings and the monuments that have been erected to immortalize the memory of heroes and heroines who were spurred on to deeds of valor by the memory of a mother, and men's eyes would grow dim for want of something pleasing to gaze upon. Who can tell what would be the extent of Great Britain's possessions to-day if those sons who bravely fought at the point of the bayonet had not cherished in the breast a desire to be once more clasped in the fond embrace of a loving mother? To be lauded by the whole admiring world is nothing compared with a mother's smile. Place the little street urchin's mother, clothed in her rags, in the midst of queens and princesses, clothed in all their gorgeous and dazzling brilliancy, and the one clothed in rags would be preferred by the urchin, because those rags would not be his mother, but only the cage in which she would dwell.

Wonderful, indeed, is the history of the world's progress which has been so enhanced by the mothers. It has been said that one mother is more venerable than a thousand fathers. A sweeping assertion to

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make, but truth is often sweeping. Many a man would rush through fire and water if he knew his mother awaited him on the other side, but if his father were there, he would in all likelihood stay to first consider the heat of the fire and the wetness of the water. This is natural, for reasons too well known by all. From the very moment the Creator decreed that woman should be a mother, she has endeavored to hold a position in the universe which, in the interests of the race, she must maintain. Woe to this world if the mothers should ever allow the value of that word to diminish, or to ever allow human lives to be ushered into existence as the lives of animals are ushered in. We may learn many admirable lessons from the animal kingdom, but those lessons that result in the moving forward to higher things must be taken from that kingdom which is higher. The mother's position, above all, must be made impregnable. In the great battle of life minor forts may be stormed and taken and the consequences be insignificant, but if that fort of which the mother has charge should ever become untenable and submit, then would be God's opportunity to render us a service by wiping us off the face of the earth. Beyond peradventure God's greatest helper on earth is the true mother. What God and a mother cannot accomplish, depend upon it God and somebody else will fail to. Enormous are the responsibilities imposed upon one who holds such a place. For an aide-de-camp to carry out the wishes of his superior is often a duty of great magnitude, but to discharge the duty resting upon the

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right hand helper of the Creator is a task of infinite proportions. Yet God in His mercy has given His greatest work to the mother, for her to do as well as she knows how, and at the same time has said to her, "Be of good cheer," "My yoke is easy and my burden is light," "Behold I am with you always, even unto the end of time." Encouraging as such words are, the bitterness of the coldness in which mothers often have to toil discourages their best attempts. Even Christ himself found this world a very disappointing place to work in, and at the height of His despair exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Disappointment has always played a prominent part in the affairs of human achievements. It is well, perhaps, that it has done so. Failure in one attempt has often been the means of making another attempt successful. Human limitations prevent us from seeing through the curtain that has been drawn over the future, and we view objects around us with beclouded eyes. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways," saith the Lord. When the finite mind is brought into subjection to the Infinite, then the meaning of life's disappointments is made known. What life could be more full of care and responsibility than that of the mother's? If she be a true mother, her mind will know no rest nor will her limbs know ease. Instinctively every fibre of her being is in a state

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of agitation regarding those committed to her care, and her only desire is to be a blessing to those by whom God has blessed her. Even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field display the maternal love over their offspring in such a wonderful manner that it cannot fail to evoke admiration from those who behold it. It is hard for small boys to understand why it is cruel to take eggs from a nest that a little bird has taken such pains to build, but when those boys have grown up to understand the lessons of nature, a bird's nest has a value which they cannot estimate. How many of us, now that we have come to our senses, would gladly replace those eggs and rebuild the nests that our youthful motives destroyed, if it were possible to bring back to the old mother bird those hopes that we so unthinkingly shattered.

To-day we enter the mill or the factory, and behold the looms and wheels and shafts, all rushing on at maddening speed. Our guide points us to a slender wire, that to all appearances the faintest tap will break, and we are unable to appreciate the value of that wire until told that it is capable of communicating power to drive mighty engines and to provide work for hundreds of men. Just so amid the rush and din of this world, we understand that the mother is connected with the son and the daughter by a line that conveys the motive power and keeps national life a-thriving. And that line must be protected from danger, for an injury to it would retard the progress of the whole of the human race. The son and the daughter may look after their ends, but the mother must look after hers, which is



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decidedly the more important. The history of the civilized world is merely the history of the progress along those lines most conducive to the welfare of man. That which is now mature was once immature. Stone mansions were once atoms to be discerned under the microscope. Every plant was once a seed. Every man was once a child. Progression is the watchword of nature.

To usher a life into this world, and to prepare it for what Herbert Spencer calls "complete living," is a duty that the mother has been called upon to discharge, simply because there is no one better fitted to do it. She has been endowed with every function which, if put to its proper use, will accomplish that for which the Creator intended it. But how successfully has ignorance done its work in many, many cases. The early years of a child's life are years of great moment, yet how often are they treated as of little importance? It has been said that love is blind, but a mother's love should not be such as to blind her to the best interests of her child. Affection is often charged with crimes that it ought not to be charged with. A little imprudence works much havoc.

From pagan mythology we get the story that the first woman, whose name was Pandora, was sent to earth and presented to Epimetheus, who, with his brother Prometheus, was the creator of man. Entering the house Epimetheus, Pandora found a jar in which were kept many unpleasant articles that were not required in the making of man. Curiosity prompted the woman to know what the jar contained.

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So one day she slyly took off the lid, and there immediately escaped a multitude of plagues, from which man has never since been free, such as spite, envy, rheumatism, gout and colic. Pandora made haste to replace the lid, but the jar had emptied itself, and man is now, according to the pagans, enduring all these ailments as a result of this one woman's indiscretion. Mythology teaches no fact, but its lessons are not without meaning.

Life sometimes seems too short to produce that which is admirable and perfect, yet during the short span of the canary's life it can sound its inimitable note of sweet music. The lark is with us but a little while, yet during that time it soars into the blue skies, and as the song bubbles in its throat human singers marvel at its strength and beauty, and wonder why the ascent to perfection for them has been made so steep and rugged. The mothers of to-day find themselves hurried from one ~~ten~~ to another, with scarcely any time left them to examine the intervening space. From the cradle to the school, from the school to the world for a few days, then to married life, and the grave, and her short course is run. The school is too often only a name for what it ought to be. Much that should be learnt within its walls has to be gathered from the dirty skirts of society. A knowledge of Latin and Greek and an acquaintance with ancient history is supposed to take precedence over a knowledge of those subjects which are essential to the fulfilment of the purposes of the Creator concerning all creation. Thus do we find a girl leaving the academic halls with her mind stored with

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information, much of which it will do her little harm to forget, and absolutely devoid of those fundamental truths of knowledge of which must be gained if the physical strength of the race is to be for ever maintained. Short is the time that elapses between the vacating of the halls of learning and the marking of her by Cupid with his darts. She has seen very little of the world and known very few of its enigmas before she is herself being led to the altar and into a world the strangeness of which her mind is altogether incapable of rightly comprehending. Is it any wonder that so many of these innocent girls find themselves at the mercy of ignorance, when it is remembered that what should have been the period of their novitiate was, in reality, a period of worse than wasted time? Ignorance has cost the human race untold worry and care. How sad it is to behold mothers, who have never given a thought to the grave responsibilities of maternity, ushering into life offspring that would have been better unborn! Sons and daughters are walking the streets of our cities to-day with pale faces and signs of debility in their every step that have been with them from the days of their birth, and parents look regretfully upon them as being unfortunate, while some go so far as to say that such weaknesses are not due to natural but to supernatural causes or to the unkind visitations of Providence. How criminal to attempt to shift the blame! Pale faces and weak bodies among children would be well-nigh unknown if the mothers had, at the right time, taken advantage of the opportunities to understand

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the true nature of physiologic laws. Having spurned such opportunities, we now see an alarming majority of mothers ignorantly attempting to perform functions that require the profoundest knowledge to make them successful. The mother's reading of a cheap novel instead of a nursery book has left its mark upon the mind of her child. Her too many attendances upon the frivolities of society now bear their fruits in her child's disposition. Her knowledge of the giddy world has left humming noises in her child's head, and its feeble frame tells a story that was never told before.

One of the greatest and noblest lessons that humanity has been asked to learn is the value of human life. What a host of teachers has come forward to teach the lesson with all its complexities, and yet the lesson is still unlearned, or if learnt is not applied. Six thousand years ago men forfeited their lives by acting contrary to natural laws, and to-day men are dying from precisely the same causes. The handwriting on the wall has appeared to other people since the days of Belshazzar, but it has been unheeded. Men have listened all too indifferently to those warning words, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." David was pleased to sing that men were made a little lower than the angels, but now, "like brutes they live, like brutes they die." The twentieth century boasts, and rightly so, of its advancement along many paths and of its superiority over the tenth century. But the advancement along one line is not to be a shield to hide the decline along another line equally important. Man

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must be careful when declaiming upon his dignified and edifying qualities lest some Samuel, arising, ask him, "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

Life, that wonderful gift of God, has been a gift that man has greatly undervalued. Ask him the value of a £5 note, and he will have no trouble in telling you its worth. But place a little child before him, and even though it be his own child, his powers of estimation respecting that life are unequal to the task of valuation. A Demosthenes may touch a Grecian audience to the very quick when making his charges against Philip, their oppressor; but ask him to use the powers of his genius to extol the value of a new-born babe, and to suggest all that it may mean in the uplifting or the degrading of the world, and you will ask him to accomplish a feat not within his power. The painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel must be laid down as impotent tools in the work of portraying the truest meaning of the babe's smile and healthy frame. Little wonder if the angels hover over the place where a life is born. To understand the value of such early life it requires a Christ to come to earth and to set a child in the midst of us, that we may at least catch some of its importance. Mrs. Browning once wrote:

"A man on earth He wandered once,  
All meek and undefiled ;  
And those who loved Him said, "He wept,"  
None ever said He smiled ;  
Yet there might have been a smile unseen,  
When He bowed His holy face I ween,  
To bless that happy child."

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We, too, with the poetess must think that if ever Christ had occasion to smile, it was when He could use the child as an object lesson and point the scribes and Pharisees to it as an example of purity and innocence—qualities of regeneration.

How happy must have been the heart of that mother when she saw the great and impartial Judge of humanity select her child and use it in His service in such a way that the world might never forget it! Great, indeed, is the responsibility that the mothers have been called upon to assume, to present children from which Christ may choose impartially and ask a suffering world to behold the balm for all its ills. The animal kingdom is under no such obligation. Moral laws have not emanated from that sphere, although we may be indebted somewhat to it for our knowledge of physiologic laws. The burden of improving this world is upon the shoulders of humanity alone, and from those most fitted to improve are expected the greatest results. Is there any tree better able to produce apples than an apple tree? Can a gooseberry bush bring forth peaches better than a peach tree? Will roses grow sweeter on tobacco plants than on their native bush? Is there any one better able to instil into children's beings the principles of life than their mothers? Surely not, for they are in a class by themselves. They have been made the most suitable teachers of their children by heavenly decree, and woe to the world if it ever issues an edict to annul their claims to the tutorship. A mother a teacher, and a teacher a mother! What a sublime combination! Yet how

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essential! Separate them and what would happen? The execution of the Divine plan concerning us could not be carried out if it were otherwise. Hence, how imperative it is that the mother should be a teacher! But, alas, alas, how appalling are the failings and shortcomings of some teachers! The pupils are so often enchanting that the teacher forgets the lesson she has to teach; fascinating smiles bewitch her. Many are the hours of instruction that are allowed to slip heedlessly away, and perhaps neither pupil nor teacher is aware of their going until the day of examination tells the story of wasted moments. Sometimes the teacher does not take the necessary pains to understand her pupil's real nature and peculiar idiosyncrasy in order to enable her to be of the utmost help and benefit to the one committed to her care. Greek may have been nutritious meat for the mind of John Stuart Mill when three years of age, but it might have proved poison had it been administered to the mind of Sir Walter Scott at the same age. Before an antidote can be of any use the poison to be counteracted must be ascertained. It would be folly for an orator to ascend a platform without first knowing what language he must speak in order to make himself intelligible to his auditors. A physician would be looked upon as a madman for prescribing without having first diagnosed. No captain in his right mind would think of leaving port without his compass. Nor could any farmer expect good results from wheat sown in ground capable of growing only weeds. Then, on the other hand, some teachers are too much of teachers. The receptivity

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of the mind not infrequently escapes due attention, and the pupil becomes the victim of "teachianity." So nicely does the five-year-old child recite "The Burial of Sir John Moore" that "In Memoriam" must also be attempted. Then the ambitious and proud teacher becomes so pleased with her pupil's achievements that she desires to still further humor the admiring crowd at the expense of ruining the youthful mental fabric. So the child is put to music, and after the rudiments have been crammed into the head that has not had time to develop, the mastery of the lesser lights in the musical realm is not sufficiently attractive to cause this little rapidly manufactured gem to display its brilliancy. So Wagner and Rubinstein work and toil to produce angelic music that some teacher may satisfy herself that it is better for her pupil to start at the top and go downwards than to begin at the bottom and climb upwards. Such teachers are they who have failed to understand the law of limitation, who imagine that a gallon measure can be made to hold nine pints and that a 20 horse-power engine can be made to do the work of a 40 horse-power one. Some children come into this world with intellects sharpened, some come with intellects dulled, and they all need teachers, not boors. And where are such messengers of glad tidings to be found if not among the ranks of mothers? They have been called upon to control life and to watch the unfolding of human character in all its varied details. How necessary, then, that they should not be wanting in judicial poise nor in controlling power! If the smile and approval of



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God are ever to linger on the human race, the value of the mother's work must not be minimized. Her tears must not be disregarded, for a mother's tears are genuine expressions of tenderness, and tell of how she has been treading the wine press. Her wrinkled face tells the story of how the cold blasts of worldly scorn have blown too unkindly upon her, and her feeble frame tells of how the heavy burdens have borne away her strength. Great have been the obligations under which she has been placed, but none greater than that of recognizing them. What an eventful and strange journey is that march from the cradle to the grave! The children of Israel's wanderings from the land of Egypt through the wilderness towards the promised land were not without their manifold experiences, but they are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with what man is now called upon to endure during his short period of threescore years and ten. In the days of Moses the devil was serving his novitiate, but since that time he has gone forth a full-fledged destroyer of morality and a wrecker of manly principles. Even the mothers of Salem found few obstructing barriers when bearing their infants to the fountain of grace, and the ways of death less numerous than they now are, for in this locomotive age the child is brought at birth to behold a sight that his grandfather could not have dreamed of. To prepare a child to behold this sight without destroying or impairing its faculties is a duty from which the mothers of to-day must not shrink. If Luther had recanted at the critical moment, in what sadness would that word Reforma-

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tion be enshrouded! How would Englishmen regard the battle of Waterloo if Blucher had failed to meet Wellington at the appointed time? To have a masonry arch without its keystone is impossible, nor is it possible to have a generation characterized by all that is admirable unless the mothers take their stand beneath the banner of integrity and determine to hold their ground against all odds. For is it not from the mothers of the land that the morality of the world derives its centrifugal force? Look at that mother Rebekah, opening her boy's mind to all forms of deceit and teaching him the trickeries of base deception. Little wonder that Jacob that night, instead of resting his weary head upon a soft pillow in his mother's home, was compelled to lay it upon a heap of stones and to listen to more authoritative instructions to leave for a land far away from the baneful influences of her who should have guided his youthful footsteps into paths that led to a land of promise and sunshine. If Jacob ever had the desire to see his mother again, it is not recorded, but we are told that he was eager to make restitution to his brother Esau, whom he had been taught to wrong. As these two brothers, who had been cruelly thrown apart in early life by one whose duty it was to keep them together in brotherly love, met in later life with their wives and their children and their cattle, they threw their arms around each other's neck and wept. Well they might have wept, for the meeting after those long years was enough to revive within their minds the thoughts of how they had been estranged, and of how an unkind and dishonest

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mother had deprived them of exercising mutual affection. Yet some will say that it was Rebekah's ardent love for Jacob that caused her to resort to such practices and get for him what Isaac was not disposed to give. But happiness does not consist in material wealth, and this truth was even known in those remote days by Jacob himself, for he turned to his mother and said: "My father peradventure will feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing." The only benefit that Jacob received from his mother's rash act was in his having to leave her care and go to a place where his better nature would be less endangered.

Just as soldiers receiving wounds on the battlefield carry the scars with them to the grave, so do the children carry the impress of parental training with them through life. Recognizing this truth, Mrs. Trollope, when left a widow with a family to care for and support, took to authorship in order that her children might not be cast out upon the world as jetsam and flotsam upon the sea, but that they might receive the natural, maternal training so essential to the fullest development of human character. Her life and devotion were not in vain, for we see her son Anthony representing the fruit from the seed that was sown years before, and putting his life, also, to purposes that redound to the honor and glory of his God. Before the sculptor can place his finished statue before the gaze of his admirers, what a knowledge of materials he must have, and how dexterously must he use the chisel

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and mallet if he would have his work preserved against the winds and storms of ages! Yet the mother's work is far more important, for she does not deal with dead material but with that which shall live for ever. What an inspiring sight as she watches:

"A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,  
A rose, with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

How delicate must be the touch when assisting the petals of that precious flower to unfold its beauty, and how carefully must it be shielded from the elements that its life may not be shortened! The mothers, like *Æthra* of old, are still in demand to prevent their children from leaving for a strange and unknown land until they have acquired sufficient strength at home to remove the heavy stone beneath which are entombed the requisites with which to fight the battles of life. When this has been done, mothers then become like that silken thread which connected Prince Theseus with Ariadne when he passed into the labyrinth of walls in search of the cruel minotaur whom he meant to destroy and to no longer allow to be the terror of Crete and Athens. It was the sympathy which the maiden sent along the silken thread that encouraged the heart of the young hero when danger was at its height. And how often have men in later life bravely walked along the edges of distraction and saved themselves from the precipice of despair as a result of the twitching of that blessed chord which connected them in earlier life with a friend without an equal! Walk

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into the lumbermen's hut or the miners' camp, and there is seen humanity in all its rough and rugged forms. It would seem that from the appearance of such faces that nothing delicate ever touched them. Separation from the world and its ways seems to have written harshness and desperation upon every man's brow. But begin to talk to that seemingly hard-hearted lot of men about the things they once knew, and refresh their memories with incidents long since forgotten, and tell them of how the old home has given place to another, and remind them of the love of that mother who long ago went home to rest, and down their slimy faces will flow an unending stream of love. It would be strange were it otherwise. Hanging upon the cross on Calvary, Christ beheld His mother among the mourners and said to her, "Woman, behold thy Son!" What a sight for mortal eyes! He who twenty years before had said to His mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" was now repeating the words in more solemn strains, and she who had watched Him during His many experiences now saw Him consummating His mission upon earth, while many stood by and mocked. The world was cold and callous then, and it has not yet lost those qualities. How sublime is the sight of that mother who stands in the centre of her grown-up family, each one of whom bears willing testimony to her fidelity and lofty ideals the inculcation of which into their lives has resulted in a victory over vice and shame and in the enthronement of all that is pure and noble! The words, "Woman, behold thy son,"

## THE MOTHER.

"Woman, behold thy daughter," are replete with intense meaning. Passing strange to say to a cherry tree, "Behold thy apple blossom." Yet it often has to be said, and said softly, "Righteous woman, behold thy ungodly child." All seed does not fall on fertile ground; there are stony and other barren kinds of ground. The sowers of tares are also abroad, and they, too, are casting their seeds upon every kind of soil. A struggle for the survival of the fittest will not cease here below. All are rushing on towards a goal of fame or of ignominy.

As the piston rod depends for its power upon the steam that pounds it, so do the successful ones in life depend upon the forces behind them. Gardens will be devoid of all beauty if the flowers do not receive the cooling rains and the sun's warm rays. Neglect at seeding time means starvation at harvest time. Going through this life and facing its trials man needs sympathy. His days are not as long as they used to be, and perhaps it is well that they are not, for most men get tired out before the race is done, and many find they have one foot in the grave before the start is made.

It is the warm heart of a mother, placed against the nature of one who has felt the chilling breezes from the frigid zone in which most of the world revolves, that makes life's pathway scented with the attar of roses. It is the mother's truth that keeps constant youth. What an influence had that mother over her infidel son when in old age he cried out, "God of my mother, have mercy on me!" We are only here for a short time; change and decay in all

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around we see. The skies are blue one hour, but the next a storm is raging. Friends are leaving us every day, and soon we shall be out of humanity's reach and will have to finish our journey alone. The nature of the send-off we get down here will largely determine the nature of the reception up yonder.

It will be sad if the mother looks in vain for her child, or if the child finds no mother up there to greet it. True friendship here means everlasting companionship up there. Those who weep and mourn together on this terrestrial ball will smile and sing glad hallelujahs together in that realm where no setting sun shall announce approaching night.

"The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties,  
The rude hand of Time will dis sever ;  
But we shall renew them again in the skies,  
For He keepeth His promise for ever."

We may safely say that if one of those heavenly crowns has been reserved for one more than another, it will surely be placed by Christ himself upon the head of that mother who takes her seat by the side of her family on the right hand of the throne of God, after having brought them safely through the vale of tears, right into the house of many mansions. God bless our mothers !

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"In great states, children are always trying to remain children, and the parents wanting to make men and women of them. In vile states, children are always wanting to be men and women, and the parents to keep them children."  
—*Ruskin*.

"Whence can your authority and liberty as a parent come, when you, who are old, do worse things?"—*Juvenal*.

"Parents are commonly more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue, the art of speaking well than of doing well; but their manners ought to be the great concern."—*Fuller*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE FATHER.*

THERE seems to be good reason to believe that the very frequent use of terms ultimately conveys different ideas from those first associated with the use of them.

We speak of a house to-day, and there immediately enter into our minds ideas of which our early ancestors could have had but very faint conceptions. The mere mention of an ocean liner gives us an idea of ships such as Cæsar's men, when crossing the English Channel, could not have dreamed of. Even our railway locomotive of to-day brings to our minds thoughts and ideas which, if they had entered into the minds of Stephenson and Watt, would in all probability have been dismissed by them as being the fanciful creations of overworked, imaginative faculties.

The war-hatchet and the spear convey to our minds to-day ideas that the early North American Indians would have been very loath to tolerate. The savage, standing at the dawn of history on the banks of the Euphrates, had an idea concerning water and its elements of which the people of this generation have been unable to conceive.

This changeableness of ideas, however, is confined very largely to the materialistic world.

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There is a pronounced line of demarkation between man's changeableness of ideas concerning the material and his changeableness of ideas concerning the ethical questions of life. In spite of what the thoughts and opinions of the highest order have done for past ages, there still live men possessed of ideas concerning their higher natures, the very duplicates of which might be found among the histories of the men who peopled this earth six thousand years ago.

Scientists assure us that there are some forms of organic life that cannot be annihilated, no matter what methods of extermination be applied. Therefore, if the Biogenesis theory be correct, *i.e.*, life only from life, the earth will never lack the organic life produced by those particular indestructible organisms. Just so it is with some ideas. It seems to matter very little what may be the nature of doctrines and theories advanced against some settled convictions, the force applied proves all too inadequate to shatter the fabric that has stood the test of skeptics and believers alike. This indestructibility of ideas must have some latent meaning. There must surely be something in the Divine plan to show why some thoughts may, and others may not, prevail. Facts which men to-day are disposed to regard as indisputable may in all probability within the next generation be supplanted by truths which, if they could be advanced to-day, would possibly provoke a storm of bitterness in every land. Yet when men so much delight to dwell in the hazy cloud-lands of opinion, they ought not to be surprised if some sudden, perturbing influences invade their

## THE FATHER.

habitation. But be the storms never so severe and the destruction of ideas never so overwhelming, there will still remain a vestige of some thought that will bear testimony to its undying qualities and to its intent to permeate itself into the minds of future generations. We have good reason to rejoice that some provision has been made by an Almighty Power by which some part of our nature shall not submit to the indignity of destruction, but shall preserve itself against antagonism and the wrecking influences of instability, and may live to be our comfort while life shall last. If this law had ceased to operate with the death of Abraham, we shrink from thinking of the deplorable condition in which this age would find us. Our hearts are not only glad because of the happy and enlightened age in which we live, but because, in spite of all the beneficial change that has taken place on every hand, old things are still new, and a semblance of the original is still found within us. This law of continuity has compelled the present generation to regard the principles of fatherhood the same as the first tribes of Israel were compelled to regard them. The thought is an all-inspiring one. The term "father" does not convey an idea of insignificance and inferiority, but one of great importance and superiority. God himself assumed the name as appropriate; and all down the ages men have arisen to whom admirers and others have been pleased to apply the appellation. To all those men who have been the benefactors of society some worthy name has been gladly granted by posterity. Recognizing the service that

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Hippocrates rendered to humanity's sick and infirm, men do not scruple to call him the Father of Medicine. In the comedian world men vie for the highest place, but in their excitement they do not forget to remember that one of old, Aristophanes, is alone entitled to be known as the Father of Comedy. Thousands of men have spent much valuable time in writing the early accounts of the Christian Church, and their productions will have very slow deaths; but they have failed, and it may be that in their wisdom they did not attempt to deprive Eusebius of his title to the Father of Ecclesiastical History. Greece has always provided for the lovers of art, literature, and philosophy much enchantment, and long is the list of those who, after having received their fill of the good things, longed to tell others about them; and so, taking up their pens, continued to tell the stories that will never die. But their works will never wrench the palm from Herodotus, whom few despise to call the Father of History.

How long men have lingered by the side of Shakespeare, Homer, and Dante, and listened with anxious ear to all the tales of horror and fame; yet there is one man recognized to be greater than them all, and Æschylus we know as the Father of Tragedy. The pioneers of noble work have had recognition in this way. Every good cause has had some worthy leader, and that leader has been regarded as a father. That is why we hear so much about the fathers of the churches and the fathers of all philanthropic movements. Thus do we find the word "father" is not without intense meaning. The difficulty is to appre-

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ciate its fulness. Too often it becomes a convenient word to express a thought that it does not become the word to express. The moon in her fulness is indeed a ball of splendor, but it would scarcely add to the dignity of the word moon if it were employed to express a ball of splendor. Hence the word father carries with it its own weight and import, and care must be exercised in applying it, for it has no synonym.

The father's position in the world is an ideal one. He finds himself almost compelled to tread in the footsteps of his father, and at the same time under the necessity of remembering that in his footsteps others will tread. If the affairs of this world were not governed so largely by the law of interdependence, care would be a term without a meaning. But that law is the one by which we become men and the one by which nature develops. Birds, for their nests, depend upon the twigs and leaves of trees. Trees, for their existence, depend upon the soil. The soil, for its fertility, depends upon the rain and the spade. The ship is useless without the water. The moon depends upon the darkness to display her brilliance. An orator, for success, depends upon the sympathy of his audience. The politician is at the mercy of his constituents. A clock without a mainspring is suitable only for the slag heap. Every atom is dependent for life upon some other atom. The usefulness of any one article is established by the usefulness of its parts. This law in nature is nowhere extinct. Wherever men open their eyes they behold in blazing letters those unmistakable

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words, "United we stand, divided we fall." Napoleon, for his success at Waterloo, depended upon dry weather and the arrival of Grouchy. But it rained, Grouchy did not come, and Napoleon went to St. Helena.

The knowledge of the existence of this law of interdependence has been one of man's greatest assets, and the more he knows of it the richer he becomes. The duty imposed upon a father, by his becoming such, is one that no little care and worry is required to discharge. To stand upon that elevation and look out across the wide plains which represent the future, with all its varied and trying experiences, and there plan for the success of his life and all those dependent directly upon him, is far from a simple task. Some men find themselves in this position too soon, and long before their visionary powers are strong enough to see everything that lies within their immediate neighborhood, they are attempting to scan the horizon and that which lies beyond. Improper scouting results in grave disasters. It requires strength to assume the burdens of fatherhood, for it is an office of great magnitude. It may be a step in the right direction for any man to make, but with what wisdom ought that step to be directed! The whole of some men's spare time is used up in repenting for some act that a little forethought would have prevented. Life is far too short and precious to be spent in regrets. Three-score years and ten in this age of commotion and excitement fade away like a mist before the sun. Well-nigh imperceptibly man finds himself at

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middle age, and almost before he knows it the remainder of his days are as a shadow that has gone for ever. To-day we live, but to-morrow we perish. Indiscretion and thoughtlessness have wrought havoc upon the length of man's years. We no longer hear of the Methuselahs, the Lamechs, and the Enochs. Long before the man of to-day reaches the age at which the men of old commenced to beget sons and daughters, he is forced to submit to human limitations and to the infirmities of age, and the work he would fain accomplish is assigned to younger hands.

"Could man be secure  
That his days would endure  
As of old for a thousand long years,  
What things might he know !  
What deeds might he do !  
And all without hurry or care."

But this is not to be. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The edict that has been issued by this age, and which has met with almost universal assent, is, "Whatsoever thou doest, do quickly." Such a command might well be observed by the Christian Church in respect to foreign missionary work. But the majority, who do not come within the pale of the Christian Church, would do well, if not to ignore, to at least accept such advice with qualifications. If haste could always give assurance of success, her name might not so frequently be regretfully mentioned. But the credentials she sometimes brings with her do not strongly recommend her for grave and important undertakings. Against her name are



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recorded many failures, and she is often found sauntering among the ruins of fame in company with her sister named repentance. The lessons so dearly taught have gone by too much unheeded. Some men are so unfortunate as to perceive no impending calamity until it crashes with all its disastrous effects upon their heads. Fully cognizant of the nature of their actions, men often go out of their ways to rush madly into the very jaws of deadly peril, and then curse Providence for having so unkindly allowed them to run amuck. In their haste they make so much noise that the sound of the still, small voice is deadened, and the dust they stir hides from view the hand that is held up in warning. Some time ago a French chemist was experimenting in his laboratory with a newly discovered but deadly drug. Suddenly the bottle slipped from his fingers, and he fell to be a corpse. There upon the floor, gasping for breath, with his trembling fingers he scrawled upon a slip of paper these words: "That bottle contains poison, and I am dying." Yet the man who found the fallen form of the unfortunate victim, found also that slip of paper, and the words to him had no meaning, for he took up the bottle to examine its contents and then dropped dead by the side of the still warm body at his feet. Sad, indeed, that the death rattles from the tomb should sound so loud and yet not reach the ears of men!

Of all sane men surely it is the father who needs to profit by others' experience. His task is not the same as the mother's; he has to reach the same ultimate goal, but he has to go by another route. Both

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the mother and the father may be travelling from Judea to Galilee, but the father must needs go through Samaria. Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that. The mother acts in one sphere and the father acts in another, yet both must pull in the same direction. To stop a father on the busy street and ask him to ask himself how he is living in respect to every detail of his obligations as a father, would be sufficient to set him thinking. His work does not end by leaving the office or the store at night-time. He is the creature of circumstances, and the duty bells never cease to sound in his ears. Like the captain whose vessel has gotten among the treacherous rocks, he must be on the alert. And the father is a captain with a precious charge in his care, whose duty it is to bring his frail bark safely through the turbulent waters of an overworked, excitable world and land his passengers where the smile of heaven shall not miss them. All along the way there lie submerged dangers, and the journey is fraught with various evils. But the captain who does not acquaint himself with the knowledge of the existence of those dangers and of the means for overcoming them, is surely not the man to undertake the task of conducting a ship along such a route! But, alas, a casual glance at the wrecks strewn along the highway of time tells vividly the story of incompetent captains. The port may have been left under the most favorable conditions, but suddenly a squall for which preparation had not been made came down upon the waters, and the weak and helpless ones

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were hurried to their doom. How serious and solemn, then, is the situation when a man assumes the captaincy of a human bark! There is a nobility and sublimity about the precincts of fatherhood that have no equal in any other order of things. Its inhabitants breathe an atmosphere the precious elixir of which is known to no others outside of that realm. The grandeur of that state is strictly provincial, and from it emanate conceptions of the Divine. This is the position that the father finds himself in, and one in which he is required to maintain its dignity and preserve unsullied its heavenly influence.

Byron said he awoke one morning and found himself famous, but it was a kind of fame that few men wish to espouse. But it may without danger be said that the man who awakens one morning and realizes his fatherhood, which has been imposed upon him in accordance with every Divine law, is indeed a famous man. Fame of such a kind is not freighted down with nauseous features. But fame always brings with it its peculiar burdens. One might as well expect to see smoke without fire as to see the arrival of fame without her train of burdens and cares. In fact, fame would lose her charm if she did not bring her accompaniments with her. The poet is elated over his first successful achievement because he knows that it will compel him to press onward. The artist is not wholly delighted on account of the admiration that his first success provokes, but because he knows that the fame of his picture imposes fresh burdens and forbids him to retire to the deserts of obscurity. The author derives

## THE FATHER.

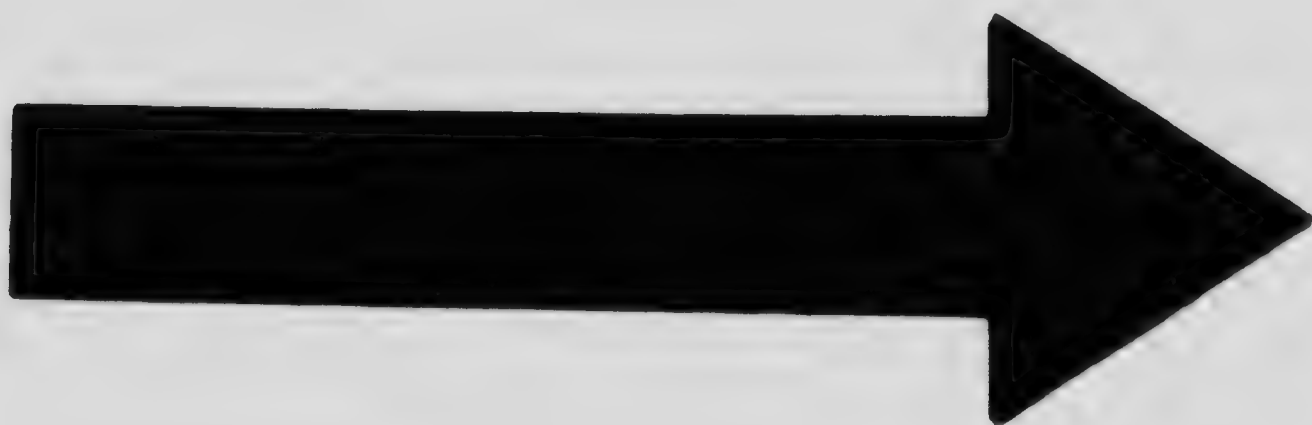
some satisfaction from the success of his book, but infinitely more from the fact of knowing that the world will not allow a life-giving fountain to go into disuse. The recognition and admiration of the burdens of fame have saved this world from degeneration, and will continue to be the hope of its salvation. The moment men and women refuse to bear the burdens resulting from their attainments, that moment will the germs of decay commence to eat their way into the very core of national life. Thus the burdens imposed upon a father are such that he dare not shrink from bearing them. Is any man better able to bear another man's burdens? In some instances, of course, he is. A millionaire is better able to bear the burdens of a poor man's pecuniary embarrassment than the poor man himself. Some Hercules is better able to bear a feebling's burdens than the feebling himself. But the bearing of one another's burdens is unfortunately restricted by nature's laws. The world, after having been elevated by one of the poems of Keats, would scarcely be satisfied with one from the pen of one who assumed to bear the burdens of him "whose name was writ in water." Phidias, the sculptor, could not find a man strong enough to bear his burdens to the satisfaction of the enraptured Greeks, any more than it was possible for the world to find a man to bear the burdens of Raphael and finish his uncompleted "Transfiguration." Every man must bear his own burdens. Under this heading must be placed the names of those who assume the fatherhood. That father is to be pitied who misinterprets his duties as

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such. To choose out a path that seemeth right unto him may be a task of simplicity. But the choosing of a pathway that leads upward and onward to a state of integrity requires backbone, and the treading of it marks the man of piety. Yet this is the father's lot. To him has been assigned the care of human life. To him younger eyes turn for guidance. From him others learn the lessons taught him by hard experience, and the duties devolving upon him by filling such a capacity are great and manifold. Somebody once said that if the world is to be conquered the work must begin with the cradle, and no doubt the saying contained a fund of truth. The child does not easily forget its first impressions, and Jean Paul must have had good reasons for knowing so when he wrote: "The words that a father speaks to his children in the privacy of the home are not heard by the world, but, as in whispering galleries, they are clearly heard at the end and by posterity." If it were possible to convince all fathers of that truth, poets might well employ their time in describing the glories of future years. Some children are so unfortunate as to have less care expended upon them by their fathers than the vegetables in his garden get. The fallacious and ruinous idea creeps into the heads of some fathers that children will grow in spite of them, both morally and physically, and that their association with all the features of the age's development cannot but be beneficial. It never seems to dawn upon them that they alone should be the ones best fitted to conduct through life those with whom they, more than any others, are

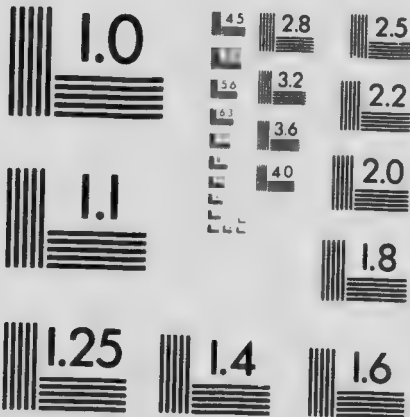
## THE FATHER.

familiar. Look at that soul-despising, soul-damning wretch whose name was Rousseau. Wandering around for years like some escaped beast from the jungle, holding chastity of womanhood up to ridicule wherever he went, he at last took up his abode with an ignorant and illiterate servant-girl, who bore him five children. But as these children came, the cruel hands of that brutal father snatched them ruthlessly from their mother's breast, and, like a dog tossing aside a rejected bone, he threw them into a fondling home, which was looked upon by him as a convenient receptacle for the results of his inhumanity. Such a polluted mass of brutality as Rousseau ought never to have been allowed to roam over the ground upon which the feet of men had once trod, much less enter a house where a woman of stainless character was. His habitation should have been in the caves or the forests, where he might have had an opportunity to assume the form of the brute whom he most resembled. But since he chose and was allowed to live among men, his first obligation was to be a man. He may have been one of France's celebrated philosophers, but he had not enough philosophy to teach him that he might have derived boundless treasures from allowing his own children to live with him, and by noticing the purity and simplicity of their lives he might have seen his own filthiness and wretchedness in a clearer light. Rousseau, it is true, was a father, but one of a most despicable kind, and one only in a lustful and base sense. If he in his misery could have understood all that fatherhood meant, the French people in 1790



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might have been spared from having to walk through the streets of Paris ankle-deep in human blood. We thank God for the death of men like these, but, oh, what black spots they leave on the world behind them. If the effects of the crimes of criminals could be buried in the criminal's grave, we should have less to worry about. But the sins of the fathers are visited upon the third and fourth generation. We cannot help seeing what our fathers did. We are reading what they wrote, and we are regretting that they did not do some things which it would be in our best interests for them to have done. One generation commits the crimes and the next receives the punishment.

A traveller while on a visit to Jerusalem has this truth pressed forcibly home to him when listening to a part of the religious service of the Jews. The Rabbi and the people engage in responsive reading, and this is a part of what they say :

*R.* On account of our sceptre which is gone.

*P.* We sit lonely and weep.

*R.* On account of our great men which are fallen.

*P.* We sit lonely and weep.

*R.* On account of our Priests who have stumbled.

*P.* We sit lonely and weep.

*R.* On account of our kings who have despised Him.

*P.* We sit lonely and weep.

At the Passover feast which some of the Jews keep in that city, they are heard in plaintive tones to exclaim when eating the unleavened cakes, "This is the bread of affliction and poverty which our

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fathers did eat in Egypt." Such mourning is not limited to the Jewish population, for the whole of the human race is uttering sounds of a suggestive nature. Stooping with his ear to the earth the listener hears ominous noises from afar. He hears sons and daughters declaring that their fathers have doomed them for ever to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. He hears the fingers of death busy at the ropes pulling down the delicate scaffolding that has been erected around the lives of those whose longevity was not considered by those who so unthinkingly and unmanfully introduced them. He hears the sound of the feet of those weaklings tottering from the stage of life, for the clock of eternity has struck and sounded their hour of doom. Rising from the place of those mournful sounds he walks down the streets and the mains, and before he has time to recover from his previous shock another one shakes his frame, for he is now brought face to face with spectres, the very sight of whom turns him faint. Turning aside from such sad story-telling forms, he enters a beautifully constructed edifice, but it proves to be a home for incurables. He saunters leisurely through the spacious halls, admiring the rich tapestries and the handsome paintings, but suddenly his attention is diverted to a more pitiable sight that is being wheeled in a chair along the hallway. Stopping the chair he begins to question its unfortunate occupant regarding her state, and almost without persuasion, with tears streaming down her sorrowful face as though they were running in a channel that the continual

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flow had made, she began to tell the story of her ancestors. Of how they violated nature's laws and hurled defiance at hygienic principles. Of how physiologic laws were spurned and the body asked to perform functions for which the Creator never intended it. The seed of corruption had been sown and it bore fruit in the shape of that huddled heap of deformity which was left upon society to bear living testimony to the truth that "That which is sown to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." The visitor listened to her painful words, every one of which had for years been steeped in grief, and then, sympathizing with her, commended her to the providence of a loving God. Not wishing to retrace his footsteps through those halls that resound with the history of so much shame, he leaves the home for incurables by way of the back door. But, lo! when in the open air he finds himself at the front door of a penitentiary, the erection of which has been made necessary for the incarceration of those who have wandered from the straight and narrow way, because they entered upon life without first receiving a donation of moral fibre from those whose duty it should have been to bestow it. Thus the traveller finds wherever he goes diseases of a deadly nature, resulting from the life of those germs which earlier generations ought to have taken pains to exterminate. Nature makes no mistakes in accountancy; she records men's deeds upon unbreakable tablets and man becomes her ledger. Trace the branches of the mighty oak down through its various stages of evolution, and the acorn tells the rest of the story.

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Follow the battleship down the steps of improvement, and a little flat-bottomed rush boat looms up to offer explanation. No man can trace entity back to nonentity. He may reach a point beyond which he cannot persuade his mind to go, but his inability to pierce the darkness and obscurity does not argue the non-existence of matter within those impenetrable realms of thoughts. The existence of homes for incurables, jails and penitentiaries does not lack explanation any more than does the light of day. A moment of thought will oil the wheels of the mind's machinery, and reflection will raise the curtain and reveal an eventful past. Listen for a moment, and the strange rapping and tapping of some ominous bird will be heard at the chamber door.

If men could see the ends of their actions as clearly as they see the beginnings, very few would spend time in lecturing on cause and effect. When Jacob stood by the bedside of his old blind father, Isaac, acting so well, yet so ignobly, the part of a deceiver, he forgot that his own life was to be spared to permit him to become a father also. Forty years and more passed by, and Jacob found himself surrounded by ten sturdy sons, but sons of Jacob, sons of him who once heard words that never died and were overheard by posterity: "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Little wonder that the sons of Jacob are seen holding up before their father's eyes the coat of many colors, and by deceit leading him to believe that some cruel beast has devoured his favorite son Joseph. If Jacob had looked closely he might have seen that

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the dripping blood from the coat was the same as that which dripped from the skin of the kid which he used to deceive his father with forty years before. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. The fathers eat sour grapes and the children set their teeth on edge. Shakespeare introduces King Lear to us as an old man anxious to release himself from the burdens of government and to seek a little quiet comfort before that which was mortal should take on immortality. Wishing to divide his kingdom among his children in such proportions equal to their affection for him, he called his three daughters to him and, explaining his intentions, actually invited them by the filthy allurements of wealth, to assume the hideous forms of deceivers and give expression to thoughts of love such as only King Lear's daughters could do. The sweets of flattery always have pleasant effects upon the flattered, even though they may come from inebriates and the worst of criminals. They had just such effects upon old King Lear, for as his two daughters, Goneril and Regan, stood before him and said all manner of kind things about him, falsely, for wealth's sake, he rubbed his hands in joy and was wafted into realms of delight at the thought of knowing that he had such progeny. But when Cordelia's turn came to express her love for her father and, by spurning unwholesome flattery, to give expression in simple language to nothing that would afterwards give her conscience pain, he was shocked to think that he had reared such a daughter of ingratitude, while in reality Cordelia's love for her father far excelled

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anything that her two unnatural sisters ever thought of. Feeling that he had been cruelly prevented from enjoying the happiness that a citation of his virtues by Cordelia might have afforded him, in a moment of rage and unparalleled pride he divided the third of the kingdom that had been reserved for his youngest daughter equally among the other two, who had, by their false and flattering tongue, already received the other portion. But virtue is lighter than vice; it soars to heights unknown to vice and claims victories when vice is proclaiming defeats. It was so in the case of old King Lear. Cordelia rejoiced in her victory, but her father moaned his defeat. If, while wandering along the cliffs of Dover, after having been turned out of house and home by those very daughters whom he thought were beyond reproach, he could have reflected upon his attitude when he held the reins of instruction, he might perhaps have concluded that after all a father has something more to look after than that of providing his children with paralyzed morals. The laws of nature never refuse to work, and for fairness they have no competitor. Plant a seed in fertile ground, then wait for the result. Nature has no more fertile ground than humanity. Crops are still being taken from the soil into which some wayfarer unthinkingly dropped seed thousands of years ago. The engine travels over the prairie at sixty miles an hour to-day, leaving smoke and sparks behind it. To-morrow that engine, hundreds of miles away, will be winding itself up the mountain slope, but the sparks it left have developed into a mighty pillar of fire, destroy-

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ing the forests that have offered shelter to bird and beast for many a day. This principle of reaction in life is a wonderful clause in nature's grave edict. No one but God can tell how it has checked the hasty hand and quickened the sluggish step. If crime had no penalties, fire would have no heat and water would have no moisture. Sequence has been enthroned, and woe to the man that attempts to dethrone it. Sad, indeed, are some of the stories that the Bible relates for our guidance. David was not always keen to see the consequences of his rashness. Walking out on his roof one night his eyes fell upon a beautiful woman washing herself, who proved to be the wife of Uriah the Hittite. Becoming charmed by her appearance, it seemed as though David had no control over his passions, and nothing short of marrying Bath-sheba would gratify them. So he has Uriah, her husband, placed in the front of the hottest battle that he might be killed and thus facilitate the progress of crime. But the hand of justice was laid upon David, and he was called to listen to those solemn words of his God: "Because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thine neighbor." A mournful assurance to go into effect. But it could not be otherwise, and the curse descended upon the house of David with all its horrible force. Wives are taken from him, incest corrupts the family circle, and the sword of his son is taken up against him. David waited too late before he asked the ques-

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tion, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Little purpose was served by crying, "Oh, Absalom, my son, Absalom." Absalom was dead and gone then and beyond the sound of his father's voice. Since those days thousands of Absaloms have lived and died in the same way, and in this age Absaloms are still being caught in the overhanging branches of degradation, and how many fathers are asking, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The oftener that question is asked to-day the less remorse for succeeding generations. The evil influences of this world leave uglier scars behind on the body than the strongest vitrol. To prepare the son and the daughter against such influences is a work at which the father may have to work overtime. That man who rises early to be at business and works like a slave through the day, and denies himself many pleasures of life in order to provide the means with which to give his children a university education, is worthy of all men's praise and admiration. But a university education does not teach the son how to rub his shoulder without hurting it along the rounded edges of the world. And though it may assist the daughter to understand the wonders of the heavenly firmament and permit her to delve into the depths of the earth's enigmas, yet it does not help her to solve the mysteries of filial love or to understand the underlying principles of perfect womanhood. Such problems are proof against all mathematical solutions, and it is good that they are, for men worship too much at the shrine of the multiplication table. Too much is being worked out with pencil and paper. Count-



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ing the cost has now become a science in which all are striving to be efficient. Commercial competition has reached such advanced stages that business men habitually prepare their minds to deal in fractions and decimals whenever any matter comes before them, whether it be of the office or of the home. This dangerous malady is spreading with alarming rapidity, so much so that the home is fast becoming the office, instead of the office becoming the home. The tactics that build up a successful business are not always the tactics that should be employed to build up a happy home. Stern, calculating methods are useful and necessary when dealing with a stern, calculating business world. A corpse can float down the current, but it takes a man of strength to swim against it. The prosperous business man of to-day does not find that his pathway to success is an easy descent, but that he is on a road upon which he is daily brought face to face with an element against which he must continually strive for supremacy. Such conditions do not exist in the home, and there is no need for the father to apply his business methods. He is looked upon as the head of the home and no one there disputes his right to rule. His duty is to make, to the best of his ability, men and women out of his sons and daughters. The clay is in his hands, and the world looks to him to form and fashion vessels fit for human service. How instinctively the young son looks to his father as a model of excellence, and longs for the day to come when he, too, shall be able to assume such a dignified air and have men call him "Mister." Yet, would that

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it should please God to give all fathers a sense of excellence likened unto that innocent conception in the minds of their children. He that is unskilled in the art of perspective and combination stands awe-struck before some picture which critics and experts denounce in bitter terms. The man is not to be blamed and censured for admiring some object, because he lacks the real knowledge by which the object of his admiration and esteem should be judged. The fault lies more with the admired than with the admirer. Place the young boy's father before him and you tax his youthful powers of determining excellence to the very utmost; he cannot conceive of a higher kind. But transpose the brain matter of father and son, and let the father have the son's brain and the son have the father's, and each would fully appreciate the delusion; so much so that the son would point the finger of scorn at his father, and the father would call aloud for his right brain again. Thus the father finds himself in a critical position. He is under the necessity of conveying to his child's mind the idea of excellence and at the same time of justifying the idea. No mean situation for any man to be in! Well might the father in this age of commotion hesitate in asking his son to follow in his footsteps. He, perhaps, has been caught in the flood of worldly excitement and is now being swept along, against his wish, in the direction of moral ruin. It may be that he was forced by circumstances, over which he had little control, to march along with the course of events until at length he pitched his tent toward Sodom. Unfortunately

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the pages of history teem with the records of such cases, and yet why should it be so? Did God endow man with the power of choice and a will power for no purpose? Did He create him that he might be the sport of every passing wind of thought? We are told that several generations had been making intellectual preparations for Gladstone and Milton. Yet, when these mountain-minded men appeared, is it to be supposed that they were forced by circumstances to sink into the groove that had been cut for them by their ancestors? Was it not theirs, if they so chose, to move in an entirely opposite direction? Nothing in creation is better fitted to fight against adverse circumstances than man. If he has not the weapons with which to battle, he has the power to make them. He has no wings like the bird to fly, but he has the power to study the science of aeronautics and to build air ships to carry him over cathedral spires. Nature has not provided his body with fins like a fish, but she has given to him what she has withheld from the whale and shark—the power to construct mighty steamships to carry him around the globe. Passing strange, then, that the man who is thus endowed should allow himself to be moved across the stage of life very much like the ball is moved across the football field. There was a time when despots and tyrants reigned supreme; when men like King Herod scampered rough-shod over the Ten Commandments; when weak men were ground down and poor men pushed aside. Since that time men have been learning that all men are created equal, and that the sun shines no more for

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one than for another. The idea that is now being infused into life is that unless the warrior stands by his guns the enemy will; that if the man does not take up his oars and row, his boat will surely drift out upon a turbulent sea, from which no rescue can be made. Life has now become a savage battle, and every heart is more or less a troubled sea.

"To labor is the lot of man,"  
And when Jove gave us life he gave us woe."

Yet, if life were stripped of its strife, tranquillity would lose its charm. Climbing the rugged steep blisters the feet and tires the whole system. But what fascination the traveller knows when he sits down by the wayside to rest and catches a glimpse of the sights that he has climbed to see, and beholds the wretchedness of the earthliness from which he has moved! Such climbs are auspicious ascents. Such are the ascents that every father should prepare himself to make. The outlook may not be bright, and the climb may seem too steep, but efforts beget deeds. That father has a momentous charge committed to his care who undertakes to prepare his son for that state when he may be taken from the parental stem and transplanted into other soil, where he may so grow of himself as to cause the men of the world to say later of him, "He was a man, take him for all in all; we shall not look upon his like again." Such training Frederick the Great did not receive from his father, whose ferociousness in every walk of life gained for him a reputation that the devil himself might well have blushed to have.

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Frederick William looked upon his children as though they were given to him to practice his brutality upon. Walking around the house like an unrestricted lunatic, he would slash his stick right and left at his children, caring little what part of their bodies he struck. Once, in a fit of brutish rage, he knocked his son Frederick down with his clenched fist, and because the Queen intervened to prevent him from strangling her son to death with the curtain cord, he subjected her to the most inhuman indignities. And when, one day, the unfortunate Prince attempted to run away from home and live in more happy and humane regions, the madness of his father was without parallel, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the old tyrant was prevented, by the intercession of other countries, from having his son put to death for desertion. It is scarcely to be marvelled at that Frederick the Great, the son of such a pugnacious wretch, should become the instigator of a Seven Years' War, and soak the Austrian soil with the blood of precious men, that was for nobler purposes given. But some fathers seem utterly destitute of the power to understand the nature of the ground upon which they stand.

The attitude of some fathers towards their children leads one to believe that these are they who look upon their progeny as being the punishment inflicted upon them by some unkind power; while the attitude of others seems to convince one that it seldom occurs to some parents that they are called upon to discharge other duties towards

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their children than that of fondling them and of making them good advertisements for some particular brand of infants' food. Love has been responsible for many mistakes. He has often blindfolded his victims and then led them into dangerous places. Not infrequently he has caused reason to stagger and fall beneath his withering blows, and caused a pitched battle to be fought between the physical and moral forces of man's nature. It is hard for the sages to determine what this age has been deprived of in the way of elevated thought and delightful reading, on account of Frances Burney, author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," having such an affectionate and sweet-tempered father. Very early in life she lost her mother, and thus became dependent upon others for that part of her education which only a mother is by nature fitted to impart to her daughter. This fact so endeared Dr. Burney's daughter to him that his affection led him beyond the limits in which prudent fathers confine themselves. Miss Burney's novels became so popular and so greedily sought for, that she, with one stride, became the greatest of living novelists, and the most intellectual men of her day, such as Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke, were glad to be numbered among her acquaintances. For a daughter to reach such eminence when thousands of men around her, with greater intellects and wider experiences, were dropping into obscurity, was enough to gladden a father's heart, and perhaps the mistakes into which the excessive love for his daughter led Dr. Burney may have had some extenuating circumstances. So

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famous had this young lady become that all barriers between her and royal favors were broken down.

George the Third and Queen Charlotte were favorably disposed towards this female wonder who had attained to such heights of fame with apparently little effort. A vacancy occurred in the royal court, and Miss Burney was invited to become one of the keepers of the robes. Such news made her father jump for joy, for he regarded entering the royal household very much like the saint regards the entering into heaven. Miss Burney, however, did not like the idea of laying down her pen, which she had wielded to such effect and with such success. Surrendering the comforts of home and the pleasures of freedom in order to kill moths and tie ribbons and be a slave in a royal palace, did not appeal to her reason, and she disliked the very thought of it. But her loving father, with such exceptional abilities and tender feelings, could not see eye to eye with his daughter, and nothing, he thought, could so consummate her fame as to become an attendant upon the Queen. So the bargain was struck, and Miss Burney went to the house of bondage. The duties imposed upon her were too arduous and fatiguing for so slender a frame. She had not been accustomed to standing nearly all day and fasting until she swooned through hunger. Such a life of drudgery soon began to sap her vitality, and her pale and sunken cheeks began to tell a story that was plain to all but her father. His eyes had been blinded by love and admiration for his daughter, and her exalted position was all that appeared to

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concern his mind. But what her father could not see, her other friends saw, and begged of her to resign from such a death-administering situation. They could see it was a shame that such a useful servant of humanity should be allowed to waste her life and talents in a cause so useless. Letters were written to Dr. Burney, pointing out to him the dangers to which his noble girl was exposed, and imploring him to take steps to save her from an early grave. But the importance of such letters did not appeal to him. He felt that by taking his daughter from the royal court he would be taking her down from that eminent pedestal of renown and leading her into the cold regions of oblivion. And it was not until Miss Burney had endured five years of such misery, and the voice of London began to cry shame, that the combined efforts of Walpole, Burke, Windham, Reynolds, and the medical men succeeded in persuading Dr. Burney to advise his daughter to submit her resignation to the Queen. Sometimes a father's love forces him to be apparently cruel in order to be ultimately kind. But his love should not be so kind as to be ultimately cruel. Beautiful flower gardens sometimes have to be destroyed, but atonement is made when a locomotive passes over that bed, carrying the earth's produce to the markets, and conveying at lightning speed physicians to the sick chamber. Thus the father may have to adopt methods seemingly harsh and unkind towards his children, but a time comes when those children stand forth as models of parental treatment and care, and the world willingly



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does them reverence and gladly steps aside to make room for these blessings sent from heaven. A father's life is not a long one. Usually more than one-third of the allotted time has passed by before he assumes his station of fatherhood, and then it is as though he has just time to wish his children "Good morning" before he has to bid them a final "Good night." Yet God in His wisdom has declared the time sufficiently long for the father to accomplish the task set before him, knowing that in that time his strength will not fail him so long as he remembers the true source of supply. It is thus that the father is encouraged to stand by the post of duty, and there he may hear a voice at all times saying:

"Never think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down,  
Thine arduous task will not be done,  
Till thou hast gained thy crown."

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"What is there in the vale of life  
Half so delightful as a wife,  
When friendship, love, and peace combine  
To stamp the marriage bond divine?"

—*Cowper.*

"What so pure, which envious tongues will spare?  
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair,  
With matchless impudence they style a wife,  
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;  
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,  
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil;  
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,  
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard."

—*Pope.*

"Love's history, as life's, is ended not  
By marriage."

—*Barnard Taylor.*

## CHAPTER IX.

### *THE WIFE.*

HISTORIANS tell us Socrates was, beyond doubt, the greatest questioner that ever lived. At all times of the day the old philosopher would be found wandering along the highways and by-ways of Athens, accosting any man whom he thought could answer whatever perplexing question might have entered his mind. Nor did he confine his questioning to the more difficult problems of thought; the most trivial matters were often made the topics of lively conversation, and Socrates was far from satisfied until his curiosity concerning every trifling detail had been gratified.

Xenophon, to whom Socrates is indebted for his fame, has given to this age much of the Athenian's philosophy, and recorded many of the questions, the asking and the debating of which undoubtedly gave rise to countless enigmas. But we are not told whether Socrates' mind was ever troubled over, or whether he ever inquired into, the cause of the happiness of the married men of his day. With him it may have been a settled fact, requiring no research; yet surely it can hardly be imagined that a man in whose mind there was seldom anything but riot, would take for granted that all men's happiness was the effect of the same cause. There can be no doubt, however, that the question of marriage did at times

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engage his studious moments, for when a young man once asked him whether he should marry or not, Socrates replied, " Whichever you do, you will regret it." The wisdom of marriage has always been shrouded in uncertainty. It is one of those steps that a man takes in the dark, though, perhaps, not into the darkness. Lord Byron must have been in a sound thinking mood when he wrote: " Marriage is the bloom or blight of all men's happiness "; and no man was better fitted by circumstances to write such words. No man drank more bitterly of the marriage dregs than he.

It little matters how much of the midnight oil is burned by great men and women in attempting to clear away some of the entanglements which surround the nuptial question, the same old groove will be travelled in, for in civilized countries man will not be dictated to when choosing a wife. Shakespeare may tax his powers to the utmost to emphasize his thought that " a young man married is a young man marred "; it will avail him nothing. Men will gladly lend an ear to his eloquent apostrophes, but they turn from him in loathing when he would make his remarks personal.

Human nature is composed of many qualities, the nature of which man falls far short of understanding and interpreting. Sometimes a system that has enhanced the progress of an institution has to be reversed in order to secure a continuance of prosperity, and sometimes light has to be extracted from utter darkness.

With these perplexing questions humankind

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have to grapple, and the choosing of a wife is not the least part of the perplexity. It may have been an easy matter for Cain to take unto himself a wife, but since his day the task has been rendered more tedious by reason of population and evolution. In primitive days the power of choice was of very little value to a man in selecting his partner for life; he had to take what he could get and be thankful, and history does not record that he was not thankful. But greater obligations have been laid upon the man of to-day, except those unfortunates in China and in other countries where the parents have the work assigned to them of choosing wives and husbands for their children. Such a system as that of the Chinese may have a few minor virtues, but they are almost hidden from view and utterly incapable of acting as a solution to the marriage problem. No matter how well a parent may understand the idiosyncrasy of the child, and in spite of its being bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, she is not able to so fathom the mysterious depths of her child's love for the opposite sex as to choose for it a wife or a husband with a nature suitable in every respect to harmonize with its love and feelings. The choosing of a wife or a husband is surely best left with those who are to become peculiarly affected by the choice.

But the natures of human beings have undergone such remarkable changes since creation time, and the fashions of the times have made tastes so fastidious and, perhaps, somewhat warped good judgment, that it is not to be marvelled at that some assistance seems to be required by those who wish to make a

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choice that will concern the rest of their mortal life and, peradventure, their immortal existence. This, then, is not a trifling matter. It concerns the Divine part of man and woman and demands the noblest aspirations of all.

The wife's position in the world is an influential one. Her sphere of usefulness is contracted or expanded as she wills. The sceptre she holds in her hand belongs to no other, and mighty issues often depend upon the way in which it is wielded. A powerful empire is under her charge, and at her command it rises or falls. It is hers to press the electric button and cause the vibrations to be felt from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth. The elevation on which she stands commands a vast tract of country, thickly populated with a powerful race. She drives in a chariot through a land explored by no other member of her race, and the events of the journey receive from her their proper meanings. One might well ask why has she, who is called wife, been given such dominion? It is not that kind of dominion which distinguishes her brothers from the animal kingdom, but that kind which distinguishes purity from corruption, dignity from boldness. Behind every act of creation there was a motive, and if man in his smallness may be allowed to conceive of the nature of Divine motives, he may suggest that no motive of the Creator was ever the cause of such a wonderful display of His handiwork and power as that motive which resulted in the creation of man and woman. Bible stories have never lacked their fascination. How eagerly our youthful mind's

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eye would scan the pictures drawn in such charming colors by our Sunday-school teachers! Never was our attention gained more quickly than when we were asked to listen to the story of how Joseph was stripped of his coat of many colors and ruthlessly cast by angry brothers into a dark, cold pit! How anxious we were to catch every word of that thrilling story about Daniel being cast into the lions' den; and of how Nebuchadnezzar hurled those three brave boys, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego into a burning fiery furnace that had been heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; and in our excitement over and admiration for such bravery we almost cheered the lads as we saw them step out from the flames without even the smell of fire upon them.

Gladly we would have endeavored to keep our eyes open throughout the night if some one had undertaken to tell us all about that great feast which Belshazzar gave to a thousand of his lords, and of how in the midst of that gaiety, dancing and dazzling brilliancy the lights suddenly grew dim, that over against the candlesticks, upon the plaster of the wall, an illuminated hand might be seen writing the death warrant of that reckless king.

Never shall we allow any man to eradicate from our minds that impressive picture of the prodigal leaving a home of luxury with a little bundle swung over his shoulder and a weeping father watching at the old gate his boy marching to that far-off land of sin, to devour his living with harlots and to fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.



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Let these pictures, which have hung upon the walls of our minds from our boyhood days, and upon which we have continually gazed with such satisfaction and warning, be taken down, and it would be "as the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

But there is one picture which scientists are urging us to take down and hang up a more reliable one in its place. Yet, in spite of its so-called scientific worthlessness, we refuse to part with it, although we sometimes feel inclined to meet the man of science half way and hang his picture just behind the one that was hung there first. That picture is one which gives a vivid description of God's early intimacy with man. The scene is in the Garden of Eden. The little streams are gliding softly by, and on their banks grow herbs and trees of every kind. Every beast of the field is there, and all the birds are vying with one another to produce the sweetest notes. Happiness seems to be the lot of a man in such surrounding, but God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and He noticed the miserable condition in which Adam was, and said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him." What wisdom this! What marvellous foresight! How kindly disposed the Creator was towards that great army of scientists which He knew would be marshalled against His method of workmanship.

Take down such a picture? No, never! Close up the museums and national galleries, rather! To

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the picture remain. Though the scene may be imaginative and the characters overdrawn, it has not been the means of driving men away from God but of drawing them nearer, that they might catch something of the Divine spirit that would unfold and explain to them "mystery. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and if the Genesis theory of creation be fictitious or unreasonable, we must conclude that God had some purpose in view for sanctioning its writing and allowing it a life of six thousand years. The writers of that narrative did not pen their story in a place where the same hand that struck Uzzah dead for attempting to steady the ark, could not touch them nor guide them. They doubtless believed they were recording truth, and their intentions were sincere, not sinister. Even if we were to go so far as to say that the cosmogony of those writers has handed down to posterity no truth, nor even a semblance of it, we must at least admit that the recorded story has accomplished a work which no unwritten theory could ever accomplish, namely that of making men think upon questions concerning the almightiness of the Originator of all matter, for we may safely say that if the Bible had contained what scientists would call a more feasible theory of creation, many less would have turned their thoughts towards the King of kings and the Lord of lords. Educationalists are agreed that the most effective way of teaching is by making all early education amusing and interesting. Surely no sane nurse would think of denying the child under her care the pleasure afforded it from fairy tales and

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nursery rhymes! Is it likely that the principal of any school would abandon from the kindergarten the system of teaching by object-lessons? How can the abstract be understood if the concrete be kept ever out of sight? Nature demands that our curiosity should be gratified in the most pleasing way, and it is as M. Martel has put it, "The method of nature is the archetype of all methods." Therefore, let the scientists have patience with those who revere the picture in their minds in which God is seen giving man a helpmeet for him, and let them keep silence so long as this mystery is causing men to turn their thoughts towards Him who giveth all understanding and openeth well-springs of wisdom in the dry solitudes of every man's heart.

How conspicuously the love and mercy of God towards man is revealed in those words, "It is not good that man should be alone"! But the magnitude of that love and mercy is beyond man's comprehension when God decides to give unto Adam a woman to be his wife.

Poor old Adam learnt many things from his wife, as doubtless many men have since, that were well for him and many things that proved ill for him. She taught him that he was weak and fickle; she taught him to humble himself before a higher power. Needful lessons were these, yet dearly paid for. Thus, from the very commencement of time the wife has assumed a station in life the importance of which no man dare gainsay. Whether or not it was the intention of the Creator at the time of creation to endow woman with the same power of dictatorship

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as that bestowed upon man will never be other than an open question. Yet some credence, in spite of the doubtful authenticity of the narrative, must be given to those words in which God blessed *them*, and said unto *them*, "Have dominion over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth." Whatever may be the position to which the wife has, in this day, been assigned, she primarily held a position of equality with man, as far as that primitive equality was concerned. The old proverb, that man proposes and God disposes, seems in this instance to have suffered reversion. The greatest God-adoring men have demanded that it be so, claiming that the wife is not fitted by either natural or Divine laws to have dominion over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth. The advocates of this principle have been so firmly convinced of its unerring qualities that the impression made has caused women to consider it *infra dig.* for them to question the authority of the husband, and thus the husband's position has come to be regarded superior and that of the wife's subordinate.

Many worse changes have taken place during man's life on earth. Let an army of soldiers know that their leader has been struck down and they appreciate their weakened condition; and nothing is more likely to secure peace and harmony among society than the recognition of some head in whom confidence can be reposed and safety thereby assured. It is well, then, that the wife has cheerfully submitted to accommodate the requirements of the age and contribute that much towards the improvement

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of her race. If there be any truth in Carlyle's words that women are born worshippers, it must be admitted that they were admirably fitted to conform to the change required of them, for if a wife is not prepared to inculcate into her feelings the admiration, which is a degree of worship, for her husband, she is not deserving of any of those privileges which accrue to her by virtue of the marriage rite.

To become a consenting party to the treaty of wedlock, and to agree to take partner for life, for better or for worse, involves serious consequences, the like of which is not found in any other department of life. Yet how unthinkingly people have ventured with their ships of fate into those treacherous waters without first acquainting themselves with the true nature of the consequences, and in many cases have forgotten in which direction they were going until a sudden storm came down upon them unawares and drove their frail barks among the rocks, there to be dashed into a thousand pieces and lost for ever.

When Goethe said that woman is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends, he was giving expression to an awful thought respecting a wife, for it is hers to create the blight or the bloom of her husband's life.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife,  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

There can scarcely be a time in the history of mankind when decision requires to go hand in hand with

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discretion so firmly as when a woman becomes anxious to be the wife of what Edmund Burke would call some animal that cooks his victuals. If the dictates of reason be spurned and coldly treated at this stage of the proceedings, depend upon it reason will render very little service afterwards, and

"Thus grief will tread upon the heels of pleasure,  
Married in haste we shall repent at leisure."

It is not given to all, however, who would be wives, to be able to afford, by reason of circumstances and many unfortunate impediments, to humor fastidiousness to any very great extent, and the result is that the most favorable opportunity for securing a husband of some kind has to be very seriously considered. It may be that some such thought led Hood to write:

"But alas ! alas ! for woman's fate,  
Who has from a mob to choose a mate !  
'Tis a strange and painful mystery !  
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;  
The more the fish, the worse the catch ;  
The more the sparks, the worse the match ;  
Is a fact in woman's history."

What an awful and lengthy list we would have if we were to write down the names of those who have been hurried to premature graves as a result of careless and hasty marriages. Upon the wife depends the husband's happiness in life and no small part of his business prosperity. A pall of darkness hangs over a man's head if his wife fails to understand her relations to him. Her duty

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towards him is well defined, and if she be a woman endowed with those faculties which only a woman has been allowed to possess, those faculties which penetrate into the very depths of human nature, and by which, with the aid of her unparalleled intuition, she can read the heart and interpret every glance of the eye, she will readily understand the necessity of her assuming her station in life and of discharging every duty relating to her wifehood.

The idea that the chiefest of all essentials in a wife is obedience to her husband has become so firmly grounded in the thought of the age that any attempt to nullify the id... would in all likelihood be met with hostility from both sexes. Perhaps it is only right that it should. Yet such a rule should not remain in any moral code without its necessary qualifications. When the lion will allow the lamb to enter its lair with impunity and the despots lend a sympathetic ear to the cries for mercy from the land of serfdom, then, and not till then, will the rule of obedience be unaccompanied with its qualifications. But, on the other hand, for the safety of society, there cannot be two assertive masters, nor is it necessary so long as justice is dispensed with an even hand and tempered with mercy.

A slave is as equally justified in rising and revolting against some unduly oppressive measure of the taskmasters as the taskmasters are in applying such measures. This, then, is unquestionably the position of the wife, a position where service, obedience and love are all divinely blended. Those three qualities, if well observed, would not only make

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all married life the very essence of bliss, but would be the means of lubricating all the wheels in the machinery of national life. Disorder and agitation have been calamitous factors in the world's history, and the disease has eaten its way very far into private life, so much so that, if the peace and progress of humanity are to be assured, the spirit of obedience must not be belittled in the home.

To act judiciously in this capacity the wife is well fitted, and by her example towards her husband she will impress upon the minds of her children the efficaciousness of obedience, and they, too, in their turn will follow her example and thus minimize the dangers arising from disorder. Obedience will never be nauseous so long as love supplies the nectar. A rightful exercise of that love will be the wife's pathway pleasing, and her burdens will be borne upon the wings of the dove of peace.

The duties of the wife are enveloped in majesty and solemnity. She cannot afford to fall below the standard that she is by nature required to measure up to. Her duty is to use every means in her power to make the life of him to whom she has been united more happy and more useful to his fellow-creatures. To successfully accomplish such a feat may mean the flowing of many broken-hearted tears and many self-denying ordinances, for it not infrequently happens that the gorgeous and alluring sights which appeared in the hazy distance during the courtship days fade completely out of sight on the day of marriage, and in their places rise sights from which the eye turns in loathing, and the innocent victim



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finds herself not in a palace but in a den with a raving beast. Such cases evoke pity on the one hand and scorn on the other; yet, while ignorance dominates over so large a section of the race little hope can be entertained for a better state of affairs. All that can be done now is by individual effort, and if each and every one of the civilized world could be made to understand that the improvement of conditions depends very largely upon his or her efforts, this demon of ignorance would soon be ousted and the dawn of a glorious age would begin to break. In the meantime, until such a grand lesson can be taught, those who feel so intensely convinced of their duties should not become discouraged by others' laxity, but should lift up their eyes unto the everlasting hills whence cometh their help, and remember that Zion in her anguish with Babylon must cope. Oh, how many mistakes might be avoided and grievous disappointments averted if the eye were powerful enough to penetrate the horizon and discern the calamities which lie in embryo, and sometimes in more advanced states behind it! Misfortune seems to mark out a way for many poor wretches to travel in, and this fact is well exemplified by the lot of some unhappy wives. The fires of love burned brightly once, but the fuel soon became exhausted, and then the fires burned low and soon flickered out. When, in the darkness, a spark of love cannot be seen either in the wife's or the husband's heart, darkness has indeed achieved a victory. Yet it is a victory sometimes easily won. Just as in tropical regions the sun will be at his height, when suddenly

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black clouds gather in the west and soon overcast the sky, and darkness does its work, so it is with husband and wife, the brightness of the morning by some trivial event may become the darkness of the evening. And if woman was ever called upon to perform a worthy task, surely it was to prevent the brightness of life from being tarnished. This she can do, this she is fitted for, but the path of duty does not always appear to her to be illuminated with the most enticing lamps any more than it does to her brother. Yet when she decided to be a wife she incurred the responsibility of discharging certain duties from which, in the sight of heaven, she dare not shrink. That was a serious and awful moment in her life when she vouchsafed to be faithful to her husband; and faithlessness will not be tolerated in the eyes of a just and righteous judge. Unfortunately for society the duty of faithfulness on the part of the wife has not received that universal recognition which its merits well deserve and demand. A germ has found its way into the marriage tie and is eating away much of its sacredness. Stability is being called down from its dignified post, and in its place fickleness is being established. There never was a time such as this when there was so great a need for determination to discountenance any methods or practices that would lead to a weakening of the bonds which ought to be among earth's dearest ties. Men become alarmed for the safety of their country when commercial treaties have to be severed, and no efforts are spared to suppress the most trifling friction. But the severance of a tie upon which the

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character of a nation is often based is regarded with feelings of too slender import. A band of worshipping Hindoos marching to the place of Buddha that they may fall upon their faces before him is not more pitiable in a heathen country than is that army who are ever marching towards the divorce courts in a Christian country. The Hindoos march as a result of sincerity, the inhabitants of the Christian country march as a result of the very opposite of such a cardinal virtue. Some humorist has declared divorce to be merely the correction of an error, and there is, doubtless, a fund of truth in his words, but what a degrading method for teaching truth!

The divorce courts could hardly be dispensed with for the laws of self-defence and preservation demand that there shall be some place of refuge after all reasonable individual efforts have been expended. But there is no good and useful institution but what its goodness and usefulness may be shamefully abused.

It would be exceedingly difficult to find a set of laws which was enacted to secure the unfortunate in life from undue violence and ill-usage, which has been more abused than the divorce set, to which the number of those who are having recourse has become so large, and is ever increasing, as to cause alarm in the hearts of all those patriotic people who regard the integrity and the uprightness of their country as indispensable to its prosperity. No country has been weighed in the balance and found wanting more in this respect than the United States of America. The easiness of the method of disposing of a partner

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in that country is on a par with the easiness of the method of securing one. So notable has become the lack of stringency of its divorce laws that strangers from every strange land are fast learning that few and meagre are the requirements to be complied with before the sacred knot which was tied in a foreign country can be untied. America has risen to be a mighty nation in wealth and commerce. Every year her immense population of eighty million souls is augmented by another million. The enterprise of her people swells more and more every year the coffers of her treasury, and her commercial strides are the wonder of all competitors. But material prosperity does not make a nation great, and a country which offers through its divorce laws such inducements to its married population to sever the matrimonial ties, which it ought to take steps to cement, can be deemed neither great nor sound, for its conjugal happiness, which is one of the essential elements in the foundation upon which a successful country must rise, is treated in much the same way as revolutionists treat law and order. If a statesman would have his name mentioned with pride throughout the ages and his memory venerated by all peoples, let him enact laws, the operation of which will result in the greatest good to the greatest number. Let him frame or amend divorce laws so as to discourage, not encourage, the wife to rid herself of her husband or the husband to rid himself of his wife, for it is universally accepted that laxity in national laws conduces to indifference towards moral laws. It is not unsafe to assert that there are thousands of wives

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enjoying the happiness of this world with their husbands who are utterly ignorant of the existence of laws by which their marriage pledges, on the smallest pretext, may be rendered null and void. Would to God such a kind of ignorance had wider prevalency for who will deny that a knowledge of the existence of divorce laws has had a most baneful influence not only upon the minds of wives and husbands, but upon the whole fabric of society? So long as those who are prone to be unfaithful are aware of the easy means by which their unfaithfulness may receive the evidently desired recognition of the courts of justice, a problem in the realm of moral science will remain unsolved.

One of the most arduous duties the wife has to discharge is to maintain and preserve the sanctity of matrimony, and the importance of the task is axiomatic. The husband is always sadly in need of some one who can interpret his inmost thoughts and administer to his many wants, and though he may be the possessor of many peculiarities to which he has no legitimate right, yet the wife, if she would be a successful one, must exert herself to know how her husband is to be treated so as to be of some service in the world in which he has been placed to work. What a valuable asset a sympathetic wife must needs be! She doubles her husband's power and causes him to know it. Many are the reforms that would never have been undertaken if some husband had not been spurred on by the courageousness and assistance afforded by an adoring wife. A sad feature of such work is that men have thoughtless

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refrained in too many cases from giving honor where honor is due, and not a few wives have gone almost unremembered to their graves, while the names of their husbands have been loudly proclaimed to posterity as belonging to the benefactors of the race. It is well, however, that all men have not been so brutish and that some encouragement has been given to those wives whose lives are devoted to the same interests as those of their husbands. What a wonderful tribute Macintosh paid to the virtues of his wife when he said: "By the tender management of my weaknesses she cured the worst of them. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be." Such a recognition of a wife's qualities ought to be sufficient to send a salutary ripple across the sea of domestic life. Virtue often falls short of receiving her rightful dues, yet she seldom asks more for her toils and labors than praise and glory. But such rewards, though they cost the least, are the most difficult to get. Churchyards and cemeteries are rapidly filling with broken-hearted men and women who, after having struggled to find the path of duty, trod it conscientiously and scrupulously, yet not without having the seorn and the scowl of a bitter

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world directed against them. He who enters life expecting to extract sympathy from the world around him will live long enough to know into what strange ways of thinking his mind is liable to lead him. To the improvement of this condition of affairs the wife's contribution ought not to be a mean or insignificant one, for the influence she exercises over her husband does not end with him. Her devotion to him should admit of no criticism or questioning. He is a part of her and she is the other part, and according to that law of oneness which husband and wife are required to observe, it should be morally impossible for either one to say to the other, "I am myself and you are yourself." Sharp lines of demarkation ought to have faded from sight where the gold band of wedlock not only fettered the finger but bound man and woman into an undivided unit. Thus it is that the wife must recognize herself as much a part of her husband as the members of her body are of her. What can be more commendable in a wife than an unreserved attachment to the husband of her choice? The devotion of some wives has made men out of animals. Cull from the pages of history all the records of devotion on the part of wives to their husbands and the recorded results of such devotion, and it would be like blotting out the stars from the Milky Way.

We are told that during one of the crises of his career Disraeli was called upon to explain his financial scheme to the House of Commons. He entered his carriage, absorbed in his great theme, and his devoted and loving wife silently took her seat beside

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him. But as the door closed it caught one of her fingers and held it fast so that she could not release it. Lest she should drive any figures or arguments from her husband's head, she uttered no cry of pain nor made the slightest movement until Westminster was reached. During the whole of that evening she kept her seat in the gallery that her husband might not miss her from it and thereby be weakened in his task. She bore the pain like a martyr, and Disraeli knew nothing about it until the crisis had passed from him. Surely a husband with such a wife could say:

"One word can charm all wrongs away—  
The sacred name of wife."

When Guelph, the Duke of Bavaria, was besieged in his castle and compelled to capitulate to the Emperor Conrad III., his wife demanded that she, with the other ladies of the castle, be conducted to a place of safety with whatever they could carry on their backs, and the request was granted. But astonishment knew no bounds when those ladies of high rank appeared bearing their husbands on their backs. Such an exhibition of conjugal devotion on the part of wives the emperor had never seen, and it so pleased him that he gladly pardoned the husbands for their wives' sakes. Nor is the devotion of Eleanor, wife of Edward I. of England, less deserving of our admiration when we see her willingly sucking the poison from her husband's wound that his life might be saved. Surely such devotion must file off the rough edges of a husband's character and



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make him a fitter servant in the cause of all that is high and noble.

She must have been a brilliant star in the constellation of womanly virtues who compelled Byron to admit that he was married to two ladies—one of whom gave him children, the other books of philosophy. Though the care of eleven children demanded much of her time and study, yet she found time to stand by her husband in all the varying scenes of his life, cheering him when depressed and flooding his pathway with a light that penetrated far into the future, permitting him to see sights that his own unaided vision would not have observed.

There is a wealth of divinity in genuine devotion. Its inspiring qualities do not fall impotent, but gather in force and value as the days go by. What an imposing yet sorrowful spectacle is that upon England's historical records in the form of Lady Noel Byron! For twenty-two years she had lived upon the hills of virtue and quietly sauntered through the vales of innocence and beauty, when she was called away from those pleasing retreats to reside in the suburbs of iniquity and surrender herself to the scanty chances of a libertine's self-restraint. Perhaps she was to be greatly pitied for being without friends friendly enough to guide her youthful footsteps and to point out the dangerous bogs and quagmires. Even the beasts of the field are known to befriend other beasts unable to defend themselves against some treacherous foe. Yet this virtuous little Miss Millbank was allowed to paddle her own canoe, and the safety of the bark was no

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feared for until it had been caught in the rapids of vice. For two years she was tossed violently about in that maelstrom which Lord Byron's life of dissipation had produced, and God be thanked for persuading Lady Noel to withhold from the public the details of that awful and revolting scene. Though no one dissuaded her from entering upon such a crusade, many were they who advised her to withdraw from it, and she wisely accepted their advice and returned to her father's home, leaving her heartless seducer to continue in his revels and to meditate during his sober moments upon his miserable condition. Yet in spite of his manifold failings and disgraces, Lady Noel's love for her husband, we are told, did not wane and flicker out, but that "secret of love which no man knows, till it within his bosom glows," was by her sacredly regarded and preserved. And though Lord Byron often took up his pen to defame the unblemished character of his godly wife, yet she bore the infamous slander like a woman who had caught the spirit of those words, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil about you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." One would be pardoned for thinking that such trials as Lady Byron endured at the hands of her husband would be sufficient to wear off the lustre of conjugal affection. But its keenness was made manifest when Fletcher conveyed the news to her of her husband's dying words and of such a sad closing of what might have been a brilliant and lengthy career. Her tears and emotions spoke so

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eloquently the feelings of a precious heart that had been so abused, and between those unaffected sobs there might have been observed a desire to express an earnest hope that in some happier land she might have the pleasure of enjoying the company of the purified spirit of him who deprived her of so much joy below. God grant, if such were the wish, that the soul of so deserving a wife be satisfied. Unfortunately for the human race such a species of love is of a very rare kind. Jealousy succeeds in working itself into the inmost recesses of the heart where other destructive qualities fail to reach. When an enemy like jealousy establishes himself in such a strangely constructed camp nothing but serious trouble can be the result. Thank God, our hearts are not puncture proof; they are the most sensitive of all organs. Yet what an awful bombardment some hearts are subjected to, without a thought being given to the time at which the battering will prove effective and disastrous! The fortifications may be ever so strong, yet some insidious enemy will find the means powerful enough to break them down. Nothing more is required of the besieged than a strict attachment to the duties of their charge and an earnest effort to hold the fort against all foes. But how often do the defenders grow careless and in some cases actually assist the enemy to storm and capture the fortress! How repulsive are such acts brought about by moral destitution!

Homer employed the whole of his genius to set forth in glowing terms the horrors and bravery of the Trojan war. Yet, traced out to its cause, that

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ten years' battle was fought as a result of the rashness of Helen in leaving her husband, Menelaus, to elope to Troy with Paris. Now as men become charmed when reading of the varied exploits of those Grecian deities, as set forth in the *Iliad*, they have no hesitation, in spite of the enchanting scenes, in declaring that no wife ought to have been so indiscreet in her actions as to cause the old blind poet to gain immortal fame by recording their history.

Some of the most entrancing literature is that in which are delineated in minute detail the sequences of mistakes and violations of law and order. But the intellectuality of the world would suffer no harm if the production of such literature were rendered unnecessary and impossible by reason of the cessation of the causes which make its production possible and necessary. What is needed now is not encyclopædias of crimes, for they are read and known of all men, but a knowledge of ways and means by which mistakes may be averted, indiscretion discountenanced and integrity given its rightful place in the universe. From this work the wife can plead no argument for exemption. She can send her husband out of the house either strengthened or weakened to face the world. His usefulness to his fellow-creatures is very largely contingent upon his wife's record, and if she fails to rightly understand the nature of the usefulness his life may be, his road to fame will not be an easy descent. Poor old Socrates might have done even more for humanity than he did, if he had had a wife who could have sympathized with him at the proper time and

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rejoiced with him when necessary. But Xanthippe's conceptions regarding the duties of a wife were somewhat thwarted, and she often indulged the idea that nothing was more suitable for a philosophical husband than a bucket of cold water, which, though it subjected Socrates to the necessity of having to change his soaked garments, only drew from him the gentle remark: "Did I not say Xanthippe was thundering and would soon rain?" The memory of such a wife was surely of little consolation when the cup of hemlock was lifted to those lips that had given expression to the wisdom of the Greeks.

There is no need, nor ever has been, for wives to act as millstones around the necks of their husbands, but there is a need, and always will be, for their contribution of buoyancy to their husbands' lives, while struggling in the savage whirlpool for existence.

To emphasize the importance of one of our Lord's deeds, the compilers of the New Testament saw fit to make one verse of two words—"Jesus wept"; and to make the next shortest consist of only three, yet full of timely warning—"Remember Lot's wife." Passing strange, indeed, that these two verses, which represent the shortest in the Bible, should be both so full of meaning and symbolic of sorrow. Yet who can deny the wisdom of the construction? Then let all wives learn that the work they have to accomplish in the world's redemption is a conspicuous one, one upon which depends the successful accomplishment of much other work. By refusing to comply with laws, and by neglecting to respect Divine commands, wives will impede the

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progress of the work and a great undertaking will remain incomplete, for the work committed to their charge cannot be accomplished by others, any more than an immature brain can successfully do what a fully developed one achieves only with difficulty. Thus every wife should appreciate her unique position, and endeavor to clothe it with dignity and honor, knowing full well that her efforts will not always sink out of sight like pebbles in the ocean, but that they will receive Divine recognition and just reward. When she understands that

**"To no men are such cordial greetings given,**

**As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven,"**

she will rest her head contentedly upon her pillow when nature's game is played out, and with a heart that knows no remorse and a conscience made peaceful by the discharge of duties, she will move forward in response to the call of her Maker until those "pearly gates and golden" swing wide open upon their hinges to let in one whose services amid the gloom entitled her to a place among the angels.

" Husband and wife should be like two candles burning together, which make the house more lightsome ; or like two fragrant flowers bound up in one nosegay, that augment its sweetness ; or like two well-tuned instruments, which, sounding together, make the more melodious music. Husband and wife, what are they but as two springs meeting, and so joining their streams that make but one current ?"—  
*W. Secker.*

" Though women first were made for men,  
Yet men were made for them again,  
For when (outwitted by his wife)  
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
If woman had not interven'd  
How soon had mankind had an end !"

—*Butler.*

## CHAPTER X.

### *THE HUSBAND.*

THE word "husband" has come down to this age with much significance. It was taken from an early language, and conveys the idea of "houseband," or band of the house, that which holds a valuable and necessary structure together. It would, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to find a word with more appropriate application, for if a husband cannot be regarded as one who binds and holds together a delicate fabric, it will require a severe stretching of the imagination to find a proper sphere for his usefulness.

The husband is not the father, any more than the mother is the wife. He moves in a different circle and breathes a different air from that which he inhales when in the circle of fatherhood. He is known to his children as one man, he is known to his wife as another, not by the guises of deception, but by the inscrutable laws of nature. It would, indeed, be strange if it were otherwise. One of the greatest blessings with which the Creator ever endowed man was the ability by which he might adjust his bearings and his temperament to accommodate his individuality. If such a power and privilege had been withheld, what a miserable, discontented lot of mortals we would be! Aye, the race



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would have entered into methods of extermination long ago, if the wisdom of our Maker had not foreseen our requirement and made provision for them. Men's natures are as flexible as their faces are variable, and this is all necessary. If there is anything inspiring or worth admiring when looking into the faces of a tremendous crowd of people, it is not particularly the great mass of human flesh so much as it is the marvellous unfamiliarity of features and the impossibility of not being able to discern one man from another. Man's pleasures would be greatly impaired if, when marching through this life, he met with men with all the same visage appearance, and known only by their names on a ribbon band around the hat. Monotony has very little virtue to commend it. It is because no two men can be found with precisely the same shade of opinion, whose dispositions do not vary in the smallest detail, and whose thoughts upon every question from January to December are alike in every respect, that our journey along the highway is made pleasant and instructive. What cold, dismal and solitary places our libraries and art galleries would be if all men had thought and acted alike! Some men derive endless pleasure from reading Darwin's theory of the descent of man, because that great naturalist's mind thought the same as theirs think, while others enjoy equal felicity by disagreeing with everything in that book from the first to the last chapter. In the old Book of Ecclesiastes, the author of which, owing to doubtful information, we must suppose to be King Solomon, the Wise, there appear

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these words: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." Such observations were quite in order when they were written. Doubtless many thoughts arose in the minds of those men, the like of which had struggled for existence years before in the minds of other men. But time has caused oceans of truth to roll in places where King Solomon could not have dreamed of. The bare statement, "There is no new thing under the sun," may be justified by the fact that all thought had its origin at the creation time, thousands and perhaps millions of years ago, and has since lain in its rude form awaiting development and propagation. But the unfolding of such thought, and the clothing of it with practical things, until it appears in the shape of locomotives, steamships and dynamos, is something which hath not been already of old time. God knew His creatures would be hard to satisfy, and would ever be demanding something new and attractive, both in the realm of thought and the materialistic world, and He has since mercifully humored their cravings. His creatures have not suffered thereby, but have thanked the God that gave them breath and eyes to see the face of nature. Who, living in this day, when so many "new things" are occurring under the sun, would exchange places with King Solomon and all his wealth? The ignorance of our day was the intelligence of his, and out of

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the folly of his age came the wisdom of ours. God be thanked for it all, and let us continue to have these new variations, not a recurrence of all that "which was before us." It is well, then, that men's natures have been so flexible as to permit of their being sons, brothers, fathers and husbands, yet different men in every case, and suited to every new circumstance. But, sad to relate, every parent is not a father and every married man is not a husband. Some men are such experts at adapting themselves to certain circumstances that their adaptability is of a most limited kind. They give so much time to practice the arts of commercial craft that no time is left them to become efficient in or even acquainted with any other department of life. Every faculty is summoned into use to enable them to become loving and true fathers—a matter not to be despised—but some time should be given to the study of how to become loving and true husbands. The greatest happiness in this world is produced by those men and women who can enter any social sphere and fill it well to its utmost, &c. the greatest amount of misery is caused by those pitiable mortals who enter the sphere and have no effect upon it whatever. A man has to exert himself to make his life effective. His virtues will not flow out to the world around him unless there be some motive power behind them. And it must surely be a great mistake for men to think that their exhibition of virtuous qualities in one department will cause, without effort on their part, a similar exhibition in any other department. We have heard of how famous men by their mere

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presence have caused feelings of great respect to settle in the hearts of assembled thousands. But what mighty engines must be at work within these famous men to maintain such force of character! It must not be supposed that the man who concentrates the whole of his attention upon the matter of fatherhood and forgets that he is a husband as well, will be able to meet the demands required of him as a husband without any effort being made toward that end. He cannot be a husband by proxy. It was he who lit the fire of love in his wife's heart, and if he would see it burn he must attend to it himself. There is a custom sacredly observed by Spanish royalty whereby the newly-born child is taken from its mother's breast and handed over for nourishment to one who cares no more for the life of the child than the child cares for the life of her who nurses it. The argument in support of such "civilized barbarism" is that both the life of the queen and that of the child is removed from all danger. It is good that such a principle of unnatural assistance has been restricted in its operation by nature herself. It does not follow that if one part of the machine does its work the remaining parts must accordingly do theirs also. And that man makes a sad mistake who imagines that all the duties incumbent upon him will be, as it were, automatically discharged as a result of his discharging only a portion of them. All honorable duties are discharged when climbing up steep hills and by fighting every step of the way. Those discharged when sliding down hill are seldom worth noticing. And the husband has an excellent

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opportunity for accomplishing deeds that are not easily hid beneath a bushel. From the ranks of singleness and excitement he is transported to a world that contains the solutions of many of life's problems, and in which he is given the final chance here below to haul down the colors of an unknown traveller and to fly those that make him known as the friend of the human race. What a wonderful opportunity! Yet to many minds how obscure its meaning! Some men do not live single long enough to rightly understand the meaning of that life before they undertake to enter the married state and attempt to solve problems for which their minds and hearts have had very little preparation. These are they who belong to that intellectually deficient class who require little persuasion to make them believe that a certain point can be reached without traversing the intervening space. Their chief fault lies in forgetting, or rather in not knowing, that the excellence of the highest order is that which has been attained by the success of each step and not by taking one leap from the bottom to the top. That man will make the most successful scholar whose mind from the cradle has been brought into touch with, and has thoroughly mastered and applied, every successive stage of education. Though there are many notable cases on record of men having suddenly sprung to the top of the ladder of fame without having had to tread upon every rung, yet, if the truth could be known, these men were made dizzy by noticing the depths below, knowing full well that they were ignorant of the nature of the foundation upon which

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they rested, owing to their having contributed nothing towards its construction. If they were to fall, it would not be one step at a time, but the drop would be just as sudden as the rise and not nearly so surprising, for a man who has not travelled over a road in daylight can scarcely be expected to find his way along that road in the darkness; but the man who has done the journey with his eyes wide open will know how best to apply the steam when a treacherous hill is approached. And he who, when single, mastered to the best of his ability the questions relating to life, would have less difficulty in grappling with the questions relating to a more dignified existence than he who had failed to interpret correctly the meaning of his single life. Thus it must be true, though apparently paradoxical, that he who lives best single will live best married, for the stronger the fort the greater the resistance. The efficaciousness of such a principle cannot be ignored. It is nature's hand-maiden. That city will surely fall that makes no effort to fortify itself until the enemy goes marching through the gates. Much time is necessary to construct the fabric of happiness, but its destruction is as rapid as a drop of oil in the fire. In this age no sentinel can afford to sleep in his box; the eye must be quick to see, the ear sharp to hear, and the mind alert to understand every passing event, or serious disasters will follow his steps. The hell-hounds of destruction are on every man's track, and the feet of the unthinking ones are ever wandering in the direction of a thousand deadly snares. Men are continually being called upon to

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run the gauntlet of terrible foes and to risk their lives in every stream of degradation. No matter where a man's lot may be cast, the heat from the fires of the enemy's camp will scorch him. He needs to be clad in an armor of steel to withstand the poisoned darts of the raging mobs. And if the armor of steel be needed, he must waste no time in securing an outfit or his season of usefulness will soon be past. But most men spend the greater part of their lives in attempting to determine whether or not they require an outfit, forgetting that doubt in so important a matter should be sufficient to affirm the need. And if there is one man more than another who needs to secure himself from all assaults, it is the husband. The scorner picks him for his victim, the critic for his delight, and every eye of the world is watching for some trifling detail that may be expanded into a ruinous calamity. This method of causing every husband to stand in the limelight has qualities not to be despised. Though some men are clever and crafty enough to appear in the midst of the brightest glare without being seen, yet the fact of their knowing that they are the cynosure of all eyes does not act detrimentally upon their minds and actions; just a bare recognition results in works that would not have been accomplished had no cognizance been taken. But the deeds resulting from a spontaneous discharge of duties will be greater, and far more worthy of note, than those resulting from the duties discharged only by the use of the goad. And husbands are unworthy of the dignity of that name who are unable to perform their functions only

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on a strictly business-like basis. The husband cannot do his duty in the home by the same methods by which he earns his daily bread, for love cannot be listed upon any stock exchange or traded like merchandise in any market. Whatever may be the nature of his love, it is such that no money can buy. Over it he has complete dominion, and though it may pass through various changes and assume different natures, yet he cannot part with it; it came into the world with him, and with him it will depart from it. Like a river rushing among hills and through vales until it finds its natural bed, so will the husband's love move through the changing scenes of his nature until it settles into its most appropriate place; and when it has settled, like the river, its usefulness must be utilized. Who can estimate the value of the Mississippi to the United States of America, the Nile to Egypt, the Ganges to India, or the Congo to Africa? How much it is to be regretted that some valuable rivers travel through states and provinces where their waters can neither be appreciated nor utilized! Not until recently did men perceive the value of those roaring cataracts at Niagara, and decide to regard them not only as scenic wonders but as the hand-maidens of industry. Now as the admiring spectators gaze upon those majestic waterfalls they may know that beauty has been coupled to usefulness, and that travellers do not come from all parts of the earth to behold merely the immense volumes of water tumbling over a precipice into the rapids below, and into which daring and reckless swimmers plunge themselves to test their aquatic



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abilities, but that they may know how power has been harnessed so as to supply Canadian and American cities with light for their streets and energy for their factories. The Creator must surely look down with a smile of approval upon His people when He sees them applying the apparently waste energies of nature to the needs and comforts of men. Yet the wasted forces which are enveloped in the rivers, the winds, and the seas, are not greater than those which go to waste in man's mind and heart. There is enclosed in man the most delicate machinery that ever was made. In his mind there is a powerful engine, which is inseparably connected with another in the heart, and nature has decreed that one must not run without the other. This machinery in some men is running at its highest pressure from January to December, from the cradle to the grave, and wonderful, indeed, are the products; while in other men the wheels of the machinery are never known to revolve, and in that useless condition it lies "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," and its swaddling covering is removed only to give place to the shroud. Then there are those who, by some violent wrenching of nature's laws, snap the connection between mind and heart and compel each sphere to show its own results. Then, oh! what wretched productions are turned out! When man attempts to improve on nature, it is as though he were to attempt to transpose the land and the sea. The mind must go with the heart, the same as light must go with the sun, and poetry with Tennyson's name. How careful, then, should the husband be to see that the

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machinery is kept in good running order, and that nothing disturbs or interferes with that essential connection, the existence of which has caused happiness and prosperity to be written across the pages of the history of every man who knew of its value. It is not an easy matter for every husband to fill to its utmost the sphere in which he finds himself. Many are the causes operating against his progress, but there are many operating for it. It matters little how meagre a man's abilities may be, they have been made capable of expansion and growth. A noble effort will not go unrewarded, for it is not God's way of treating men's worthy actions. An endeavor to do something, no matter how small, in the interest of advancement is as a seed sown in fertile ground, and will be watered by the hand of God. When scanning the records of the race we have good cause to rejoice that we are only told of one husband such as Nero, and his life was enough to teach all ages into what depths of abomination man can plunge himself. If any man roamed about upon the face of this earth in the form of a brute, and devoid of every vestige of morality, it was that Roman Emperor, Nero. No man embarked more madly for the "fiery port of hell" than he; no man made a greater effort to sink into the deepest depths of sensuality; and no man was more successful in the attempt. No sight was more fascinating to him than that of faithful Christians lighting up his garden-parties with their burning bodies, which he had ordered first to be covered with pitch. He seemed to be in the height of his glory when he attempted to drown

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his mother in the bay at Baiae, and was evidently not satisfied until he saw her form writhing in pain caused by the hand of an assassin at his command. Rome was the city of funerals during his reign, and the most valuable men of the realm fell victims to this old tyrant's rage. And as a husband this conglomeration of brutality never had an equal for cruelty. He would not allow a wife to aspire to the dignified level of the animals. Never was licentiousness so personified in any man. He took unto himself for a wife that beautiful Poppæa, wife of Otho, and when far advanced in pregnancy savagely kicked her to death. And because Octavia considered it unwise to accept his offer to become his wife, she was rewarded by being sent to the place of death to be killed by those whom this wanton murderer kept specially for the purpose of putting an end to the happiness of those who were unfortunate enough to meet his glance. It baffles human skill to advance a reason for such a profligate's existence, and his dying words, "What a loss my death will be to art," have not yet been explained. Nor is it necessary that an explanation should be forthcoming, for no man's death will ever be regarded as a loss to art whose life was of no value to human hearts. If Nero, as a husband, had any good qualities, history has not recorded them. Neither have we been told whether or not his wives' peccadillos were of such a nature as to cause him to break through all restraints. But history and a knowledge of moral laws have taught us that no matter how great the provocation, no matter what interests be at stake, there is no justification

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for a man's wilful assumption of the hideous forms of animality. No better interpreter of human nature ever lived than Shakespeare, and in "The Taming of the Shrew" he has given us a picture which has so often been shown in all its vivid reality upon the canvas of life. The hand of the dramatist has cleverly portrayed the scenes through which love leads man and wife. Katherine doubtless possessed many qualities which did not become her sex, and which required to be discountenanced. Petruchio, her husband, saw very clearly that his married life would never be without blight unless he started some campaign against those undesirable qualities with a view to making his wife worthy of a husband. And Shakespeare has succeeded in providing much amusement for his readers by describing the methods by which Petruchio had to accomplish his task. Yet it might be hard to find one with a well-balanced mind who would declare that the means did not justify the ends. If the dramatist had shown Petruchio in the form of a second Nero, an unrelenting beast, a fiend to society, his name would not now be hailed with delight wherever it might be heard. But it is because he showed how a life was going to waste that could be made useful, and how necessary it was to adopt seemingly harsh measures in order to produce good results, that his works are now referred to as containing solutions to many of the perplexing problems that engage the minds of both men and women.

It is, however, somewhat strange that a man like Shakespeare should have so thoroughly understood

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the trickeries of the human mind and will and so triumphantly unravelled the mysteries in which the heart is entwined, and yet have so callously regarded them for his own personal benefit. He may have been unfortunate in the selection of his wife, and though she was far from being like Katherine the Shrew, yet one would think that the mind capable of evolving such schemes for conjugal felicity would also have evolved some for its possessor's good. Every heart knows its own bitterness, but where was there one better able than Shakespeare to solve the problem? All England was at one time willing to cast its treasures at his feet, and even the street urchins seemed to think that they owed him a share of their adoration. Though he did, and still does, demand public veneration more than any man that ever trod the threshold of literature, yet he did not deserve to have a wife if he failed, as he evidently did, to rightly appreciate the value of sanctity and the virtues of womanhood. True it is, he struggled hard to get his foot on the ladder of fame, but when once there he ascended to a height where all had to look up to see him; and as a purveyor of food for the intellect no man will ever take the crown of pre-eminence from his brow. If it be true that such fame should have been shared, no one was more entitled to a portion of it than she whom he had taken to be his partner. If the extra eight years of his wife's age weighed with him, he had no one but himself to blame for it, for he knew that before he decided to close the deal, and though he was but eighteen years of age he was too old to be a fool.

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One needs only to read Shakespeare's will to learn of his attributes as a husband. His wife seems to have been very far from his consideration, for his only bequest to her was an old bedstead, and even that appears to have been inserted as an after-thought. Yet who can tell how valuable his wife was to him during his many experiences, and what she bore while she watched him

" Higher, higher, higher climb,  
Up the mount of glory,  
That his life might live through time,  
In his country's story !"

Just as there are spots on the sun, so there seem to appear ugly marks upon the fame of great men, tarnishing its lustre and diminishing its worth. The home is where the real man is known, and the world is fast learning that the best way to judge of a great man's life is by taking the evidence which emanates from the home. There are too many winning world-wide esteem by false pretences. Sugar-coating is becoming an abominable expedient. Far better to have real truth soaked in bitters than a mere semblance of it made tasteful. Thomas Carlyle has succeeded in getting an enormous following, and the day must needs be far away in the distance when there will be no one to admire the majesty of his mind and the importance of his thoughts. Men willingly sit down beside that rugged and vigorous thinker because he waves his magic wand over a subject and makes it assume its rightful form. But, oh! how instructive and how painful it is to some-

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times take a peep behind the scenes of these men's lives! It was Carlyle's good fortune to win as a wife one of the most brilliant ladies of his day. She could collect, without his advice, all the necessary details for any work upon which his mind might be engaged. She could read through and correct all his manuscripts and prepare them for the printer. But her husband, with all his intelligence, was not intelligent enough to know that he had in his wife one whose talents were helping to make him famous. We are told that on one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle had two distinguished visitors call upon them to spend a quiet evening together. Conversation became quite lively between the visitors and Mr. Carlyle, but Mrs. Carlyle was contented with listening only. And when the discussion ceased for a few moments to permit of meditation, Carlyle, like some maniac, blurted out, "Jane, stop breathing so loud!" It may be questioned whether she was allowed to do anything else but breathe, for her journal told many sad tales of vicarious suffering; but, like all other of her husband's commands, a few days later she obeyed the command to "stop breathing so loud." Then Carlyle was hurled back into his proper place. He had forgotten he was a husband until he became aware of his wife's death, but it was too late then to make amends, and his wailings at the grave and his cries, "If I had only known; if I had only known!" availed him little. Jane Welsh heard enough of him while she was in the flesh, and it is not likely that she would wish her soul to be saddened by his moans when she was gone to that

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place where the weary find their rest. If old Carlyle had realized sooner that his wife's "eyes were bright with many tears behind them," the lovers of gentleness would not now, after reading his books, hear the dull, dismal sound of a scold in their ears. Carlyle had a nature like a rasp, and men seldom left his company without feeling sore as a result of coming into contact with it. A little gentleness is a mighty help in the curing of humanity's ills. It pervades a troubled community quicker than Mercury travels through the abode of the gods. Yet how appalling is the fact that it takes most of us three-fourths of our time to learn of its value, and that during the balance of the time we allow other matters of less importance to engage us, and the practice of gentleness becomes with us a lost art. Many a wife's head seeks rest at night-time upon a stone when it ought to repose upon a downy pillow.

Harshness and severity have a spontaneous development everywhere, but gentleness and kindness usually grow by forced methods. Man has not yet learnt the meaning of his life. Too often he regards it as the work of fortune or fate, seldom as a means to a great end. And when the man becomes a husband he commences an act in the great drama upon which the success or failure of his subsequent life largely depends, for if he does not act the man in a manly way his doom will be for ever sealed. One of man's chief duties is the duty of discovering what his duties are, and no husband can afford to neglect such a duty. There is no need now for husbands like Henry VIII., nor ever was. Whatever may be said



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in that king's favor regarding his intellectual and commanding qualities, it will never suffice to hide the ugly marks which immorality has left upon his character. It may be argued that his determined desire to be divorced from his first wife was the means of freeing England from the shackles which the Church of Rome had successfully put about her people. But King Henry VIII. had not enough foresight to see to the end of his acts of rashness, which is well affirmed by the fact of the Six Articles, which were passed with a view to stopping the rapid spread of Protestant doctrines, resultant upon the clash with the Pope. Henry now appears upon the platform which history has provided for him, not as a "Defender of the Faith," but as one anxious to gratify the appetites of his lower self, with a strong passion for many wives yet with love for none, and as the worst type of husband which human eyes have to behold. Yet those sordid proclivities which characterized England's king four centuries ago have suffered little since from any effort made to improve the moral status of mankind. The human heart and mind are the most stubborn forces in nature to subdue. The geologist cannot produce anything from above or beneath the earth but what some power can be found equal to the task of bringing it into submission. But the heart and mind of man can, at his will, be made impervious and secure from the most withering blasts from outside sources. Not until man is persuaded to give his consent to reforms will he have reforms. Thus it is that the teachers of this age are not applying force but powers of per-

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suasion to the great mass of heart and mind. It is always easier to pull up hill than to push up. Paul understood the subtle qualities of the human heart, and his methods of dealing with them were the outcome of wisdom. It was the drawing, not the pushing, the attractive, not the deiractive methods, that drew from stern Agrippa that famous statement, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Force of arms fades into insignificance when compared with force of character, and if this old world is ever to roll God-ward, it will not be to the beating of drums, nor to the blare of trumpets, nor to the boom of artillery, but to the heavenly sound of godly souls that all praise will be ascribed. The healing powers of the uplifted serpent have not diminished, but, as in the days of Moses, so now is there life in an upward look. And the husband has placed himself in a position where his virtues must be seen, and where his vices are seldom hidden. Many wives aspire to the dignified elevation of perfect womanhood, but their greatest obstacle is often their husbands. How often has some unthinking husband been the means of inflecting the sparkling stream of his wife's purity and stamping indelible lines of care and sorrow across the brow that once adorned a face beaming with beauty and happiness, but now the very expression of misery and mental turmoil! Instead of a wife he makes her his slave; instead of a companion he makes her his attendant; instead of lighting the fires of love within her breast he often goes out of his way to find the most effectual extinguisher of that spark which, when fanned into a

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flame, is sufficient to burn up the dross of any foul heart. This husband who in business life would have no hesitancy to drag before the severest court of justice any man for a crime against the inviolability of contract in which only a pecuniary interest was concerned, would overlook as trifling and unimportant his own breach of contract towards his wife in which the loftiest principles of humanity were at stake. The great failing of some husbands is to fail to appreciate the source of their strength. Every literary husband may not be successful in winning for his wife a literary genius to help him build his mount of fame on the field of literature, but there is in every woman's nature something which befits her to be of some service to him who takes her for his wife. That service may be small, indeed, but it is not too small to be ignored. Even David, the little shepherd boy, was able to soothe and quiet the angry passions of Saul, the king. And a small boy's meal of five fishes and two barley loaves once sufficed to feed five thousand hungry pilgrims. These little services have a value which man's finite powers cannot estimate, but that ought not to prevent his attempting a valuation. And because a husband's sight will not permit him to see any visible signs of his wife's usefulness and value, he is not wise in concluding that his sight suffers from no defect. Nature's most beneficial forces are silent, and in a good wife those forces work silently, and like a seed in the ground they will cause in due season fruitage to appear and compel all eyes to behold it. That man would surely be rash who, seeing a tree stripped

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of its leaves in winter time, would declare it to be dead and fit to be hewn down. Let him postpone his judgment until that tree appears in the springtime with its verdant covering and its shelter for man from the sun's scorching rays, and his ideas of its usefulness during the winter time will undergo a radical change. Then let the husband be patient and remember that a springtime will come and that the harvest will tell the story of his husbandry. Let him seek out the well-spring whence his wife's virtues flow, and let him suffer no harm to approach that spring nor pollute its crystal waters. Woman's nature is so delicate that it is susceptible to the most trifling danger, and though no heart knows more fortitude and endurability than a woman's, yet there is no heart that receives impressions quicker and carries them longer than hers. The failure of her husband to measure up to a promised standard, and to endeavor to so act as to meet her most moderate expectations, cuts a deep gash in the tender heart which subsequent events may tend to heal, but that gash will never lose its scar, but will remain there to keep record of a deed that ought not to have been committed. The world has only produced one Dante, and it is too much to expect that it will ever produce another; but if it does, it will merely ask men to look upon two models of manhood instead of one. Never did a more intense fire of love for that which is pure and good in woman burn within the soul of any man, and not only did the death of Beatrice deal a staggering blow at that man of such lofty ideals, but it made the whole world a loser. For if fortune had spared her

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life, what mortal man could have rightly valued the example of conjugal love that would have been supplied by Dante and his Beatrice whom he never forgot, and for whose purity he always proclaimed his highest regard? It would be hard to believe that Dante's marriage to his earthly idol would have given us an example of a husband's duty unworthy of emulation, for the germ of love in his soul was a healthy one and could not but produce results worthy of imitation. It is true that his marriage to Gemma was not of a happy kind, but the fault was not wholly his, for he had to fight against one of the worst ills that affect society—a woman's savage, unruly temper. Yet in spite of what that noble-minded man had to endure, both from the people of his own country and from her who should have been his help and support, the record of his truthful and unblemished life will ever adorn the pages of Italian literature. This is not to be marvelled at, for the products of a genuine heart are not subject to the fingers of decay and death. A husband's devotion clears many a path to his wife's heart. His recognition of her worth and of the burdens she has to bear sends many a smile into her life. A display of hypocrisy on his part will crush the heart he won, but affection and honesty will inflate it with new life. How often has a little word of encouragement made many a face beam with brightness and lifted a drooping head! It costs nothing to offer a word of cheer, and it is one of redemption's attributes. The whole race is crying out for a little sympathy, and the husband is in excellent circumstances to supply his share of the need. A bless-

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ing cannot be so called if its influence affects no more than one. And if a husband can give that which will bless, a sadder fate awaits him if he keeps it. For the wages of sin is death, and what is sin if it is not the tendency to keep for self that which is meant for the whole world?

"Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on."

There is no man, however unfortunate nature may have made him, who cannot do this. A sphere of labor has been apportioned to each one according to his ability of execution. Woe betide the man who fails to accomplish that which a wise Apportioner has allotted to his care. A husband is not always the happiest of men. Innumerable incidents crowd into his life, each one having its own significance. Sometimes his pathway leads out into the burning sunlight, sometimes into the dark and chilly grove, sometimes up a rugged steep, and sometimes down a slippery and dangerous hillside. One day he finds himself wandering over a desolate plain, with no friend but a troubled mind; the next day finds him inhabiting the vineyard and the spicy gardens, breathing a vivifying atmosphere and satisfying, as it were, his most extravagant wishes. At one moment it seems to him as though the nine gods have been in

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solemn consultation and have decided to combine their forces to effect a realization of his wildest hopes and phantoms. But the next moment the clouds are rent in twain, and upon his head are poured hailstones of despair and disappointment. Like Paul of old he is often stopped at Malta when he wants to be at Rome. Yet, after all, the history of man's life is very largely the story of his love and troubles. It is a hard task for him to set the sails of his little bark to catch every favorable breeze. Often he is running ashore when he thinks he is headed for the boundless deep. He mistakes the death-bell of the Inchcape Rock for the banquet-bell of his own ship. Instinctively he turns into the peaceful avenues of comfort when duty bids him do service on the war-path. And these conditions will know no change until man, by the aid of the infinite which is within him, casts aside that which is finite and harmful and which impedes his rising. Never did it fall to the lot of husbands to live in a more critical period. The rising generations are demanding in no uncertain tone examples for their guidance. It is a sign of the progress which humanity has made that this present little section of it refuses to mould its life after the fashion of primitive times. The succeeding generation has now come to learn that its best pattern can be found in its immediate predecessor, and not in the remote past. Then what a glorious opportunity the husbands of this day have to render a service to future ages by establishing a standard which shall not be despised, but which shall be the means of not only blessing the next generation but

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of handing down to all a legacy of immortal worth! Could the eye of man crave a happier or more inspiring sight than that of man and wife tottering towards the final goal, whose aspirations and purposes in life have been one, who have wept together, smiled together, pulled together, and pushed together, and who have realized from the day of marriage that their becoming one would be of no avail unless their united efforts were employed in a work of high calling? Such lives are the living expressions of God, and will do more towards placing this world on the highway of redemption than all the churches of the land, for the cry is still being heard, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us."



Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

—Tennyson.

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